Saturday Night

July 11, 1953 · 10 Cents

The Front Page

By the time those citizens who are not indisposed, indifferent or on holiday, mark their ballots one month from now to decide who will represent them in Canada's 22nd Parliament, they will have heard and read many more appeals to their emotions than to their intelligence. But if they have been able to reject the emotion and retain reason, they will give with their votes the answers to two main questions:

Has the administration of Mr. St. Laurent earned another term in office? If not, who should be entrusted with the job of government?

The evidence upon which judgment can be made is available to everyone, although the way it is assembled will lead inevitably to diverse decisions. Our conclusion is that the Liberal regime, for all its faults (and they are many), has handled the nation's affairs well enough to deserve a renewed mandate; but coupled with this conclusion is the fervent hope that if the Liberals are returned to office, there will be enough Opposition candidates in the new House to restore to the Government the respect for Parliament which has been diminished during recent years.

The fundamental policies of

Peter Smith, Stratford

DR. TYRONE GUTHRIE: A new setting for Shakespeare *(Page 4)*

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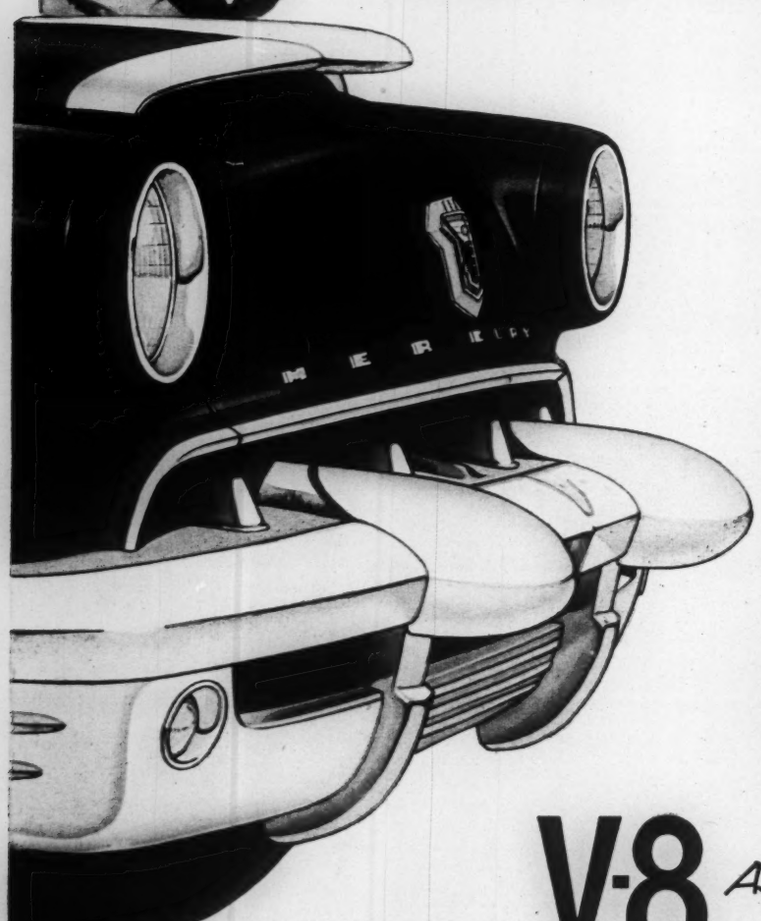

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CONTINUED FROM PAGE 1

the Liberals have been sound. Some of the methods used in putting the policies into practice can be questioned, but we cannot deny that the policies themselves have been good for most of the people, which is as much as we can ask in a country as difficult to govern as Canada. We have found much to criticize in the St. Laurent administration; it has shown increasing indifference to proper parliamentary processes, it has been reluctant to yield extraordinary powers, and it has revealed, in the conduct of some of its Ministers, the weaknesses which creep into a party softened by success. But these are faults of circumstance, not of political philosophy, and can be corrected by public criticism and the efforts of a stronger, more forceful Opposition.

A loss in the forthcoming election undoubtedly would teach the Liberals a needed lesson in humility; but defeat for them would mean victory for another party, and who would replace them? The victors could not be the CCF or Social Credit, splinter groups in federal politics. The Progressive Conservative party is the only alternative, but unfortunately, the Conservatives have done little to convince us that they are ready for the job of government. They have lacked a sense of direction, and there has been little cohesion in their political thinking; they have criticized without doing much about production of better policies, and the policies they have proposed have not been of a piece. The sixteen points in their election program are either pitifully vague or recklessly specific; such items as plans for overseas trade and measures to save money are wrapped in bland generalities, but a flat promise is made to reduce taxes by $500 million. We would be happy indeed if we had to pay less taxes, but we do not think that Mr. Drew would be able to make such a reduction without cutting expenditures very sharply, and we want to know where the cuts would be made before we enthuse over his glittering pledge.

Return of a much stronger Conservative opposition to Parliament however, would do much for both the major parties and through them for the nation itself. The Liberals would have to tighten their administration and learn respect for parliamentary processes. The Conservatives would have an opportunity to strengthen their leadership and political thinking, while helping to restore to Parliament the prestige and dignity it lost during the years of the top-heavy Liberal majority.

The Minutes Saved

THE BRITISH aircraft industry has disclosed plans for a 100-passenger Delta-wing airliner which could race the sun across the Atlantic. The announcement went on to give details of costs, time required for construction and so on, but it is the phrase "race the sun across the Atlantic" that catches the imagination. Even in an age surfeited with speed it has a quality of magic.

But after the brief beguilement of the vision of great winged ships spanning oceans as fast as the earth turns, we might wonder why it is so important to reduce by a few minutes or hours the time spent in travel between continents. Out of all the minutes which total one span of life, a few can be spent as profitably in the air as anywhere else. If the minutes scrimped between cities do not have some urgent purpose, there is no virtue in the lust for speed.

Special Librarian

ONE OF THE people we met at the meeting in Toronto of the Special Libraries Association was the President of the Science-Technology section, Miss Clara G. Miller. We knew that Miss Miller looked after the library maintained by the Imperial Oil Company Ltd., for the purposes of research and public relations, and we wanted to know more about it.

MISS CLARA G. MILLER: Looking for things about oil.

"Each day I go through innumerable books, newspapers, magazines and pamphlets," she said. "I look for all references to the oil industry. These references I index, and file away. It isn't a nine-to-five job, because I'm constantly looking for things about oil—when I'm reading at home or on a streetcar or at places like the dentist's office. Sometimes when I get to work in the morning, I have a briefcase packed tight with clippings from magazines and newspapers that I have glanced through since leaving the office the previous night."

Questions about the industry and its products come from all sorts of people. "Sometimes I think that every student in Toronto is trying to write a thesis about oil pipelines," she said. "And there are always queries from people in the Special Libraries Association, and from writers who want accurate information for material they are preparing."

Miss Miller, who was born in St. John's, has been a librarian of one sort or another since she left school. She travelled from her native Newfoundland to Toronto to attend a course on special libraries, and now, in her spare time, helps to instruct others in the same course. She is, too, the only Canadian on the directorate of the Special Libraries Association. Members of the Association do a good deal of trading, she said. "Though some firms may be competitive, and most of them maintain their own libraries, they are willing to exchange general facts which may be missing from their own files."

She lives alone, and likes it. "I play golf when I can find the time," she said. "But even sitting in the clubhouse on rainy days, I find things to clip from magazines. I guess when you specialize in a subject you become sort of super-conscious about it."

A Dirty Word

IN THE UNITED STATES, "red" seems to have become a dirty word, scorned as a noun, an adjective and a color. People who read the sports pages will have noticed that Cincinnati's baseball club is no longer the Cincinnati Reds, but the Redlegs. Basic Books sent out the first copies of Gardner Murphy's *In the Minds of Men* in red jackets, then switched to a delicate blue. As the movement to make "red" an unprintable, unspeakable epithet picks up speed, we can expect all sorts of curious things to happen. If red is to be avoided on book jackets, what about clothes and roses and cosmetics? Will it be libellous to describe someone as red-faced? Will there be a national switch to yellow tomatoes? Will Steinbeck be banned from libraries because one of his tales is about The Red Pony? We do not think it will go so far as all that, because no matter how much public support the idea gets, sooner or later it must reach the point of doing something about red-blooded Americans.

Time on Their Hands

THINGS HAVE been going badly for the Communists in East Germany. As puppets, they live in a permanent state of discomfort, of course, but recently they have had all sorts of other worries, including strikes, riots and clock trouble.

A short time ago, East Germans began noticing that the beeps broadcast as time signals by the Soviet radio in Berlin were not correct. The harried authorities began checking up and found that one man was to blame —60-year-old Ludwig Rost, the only person in East Germany who knew all about the delicate quartz timekeepers that are kept in cotton wool at the Potsdam Conservatory. Mr. Rost, who had looked after the quartz clocks and kept Germans on time for 20 years, had tired of either his job or the Communists and had crossed into West Berlin.

Now the Germans in the East listen less and less to the Soviet beeps, and those in the West, while they may not be able to claim that time is now on their side, at least can boast that they have the man who could fix the Easterners' clocks.

The Social Credit Approach

PREMIER W. A. C. BENNETT of British Columbia has been feuding with Stuart Keate, publisher of the *Victoria Times*. The latter has been critical of the theory, ambitions and political performance of the Social Credit party in his province, and has been alarmed particularly by the Socred tendency towards one-party government. His comment on one occasion was sharp enough to draw from the Premier such replies as "unadulterated partisan political propaganda," and "smear campaign."

Whatever may be the rights of the spat in British Columbia, there is no doubt that the Social Credit philosophy has a strong totalitarian flavor. Much of the theory is so vague that it cannot be logically analyzed ("you don't need to understand it, just feel it in your heart," Rev. E. G. Hansell said recently) and some of its more successful protagonists have been able to give this vagueness a mystical quality that makes of it almost a religious doctrine, with the implication that those who oppose Social Credit are a pretty wicked lot. But once it is stripped of its amorphous verbiage and pseudo-religious overtones, it is revealed as a doctrine that cannot be applied except in a one-party state. The economic theory alone would make it necessary for the Social Crediters to control not only the financial structure of the nation, but also the legal system, since much of their legislation might well be ruled

The Front Page

by the courts to be unconstitutional.

In the Provinces, governments are Social Credit in name only. They can be little else but orthodox because of their limited powers, and they are good or bad only in terms of soundness of administration. But the abortive attempts in Alberta to put autocratic Social Credit theory into practice have shown that, given the opportunity, devout believers in Social Credit would not hesitate to threaten what we have come to regard as fundamental liberties. The argument between Mr. Keate and Premier Bennett brings to mind the amazing law passed in the late thirties by the Alberta Legislature dominated by Aberhart. This law was directed against the Alberta press; its preamble read:

"Whereas it is expedient and in the public interest that the newspapers published in the province should furnish to the people of the province statements made by the authority of the Government of the province as to the true and exact objects of the policy of the Government and as to the hindrance to or difficulties in achieving such objects, to the end that the people may be informed with respect thereto."

Mr. Aberhart did not get very far with his attempt to subdue the press in Alberta, but he did demonstrate the Social Credit approach to the matter of freedom.

Mr. Brynner's Vacation

WE WERE beginning to feel sorry for the film magnates (in Hollywood, apparently, all executives are magnates) as we heard about their troubles with television and their frantic search for new gimmicks to woo old audiences. We had imagined them sitting at their desks, faces haggard with worry, stomachs perforated by ulcers, balance sheet in one hand and pistol in the other. But things can't be as bad in Hollywood as we had been led to believe. Yul Brynner was given an eleven-week leave from *The King and I* to make a film for Paramount; the actress who was to be his leading lady was not available, no substitute could be found, no other script was satisfactory, and Mr. Brynner spent eleven pleasant weeks, at full salary, doing what he wished. We shall send a congratulatory note to Paramount, which has reassured us that the delightful Never-never land on the outskirts of Los Angeles still exists.

A Towering Figure

WHEN DR. TYRONE GUTHRIE was in Canada last Fall to select actors for the Shakespearian Festival which gets under way at Stratford, Ont., next week, he surprised everyone by giving the applicants personal interviews instead of formal auditions. He said then that auditions often failed to tell the truth about a player, and be could learn much more during interviews. Last week at Stratford, he let it be known that the people he had picked were justifying his method of selection. "We've had a few hitches—there was a delay in getting the tent theatre fixed up, for example—but things are looking bright now," he said.

Dr. Guthrie, who has been described as "a towering figure of the English theatre," has concentrated all his great energy and ability on the Stratford Festival. He understands better than most of us, perhaps, what an important event it is, not only as the start of a splendid venture but as a technical achievement; it will be Shakespeare in a new setting. A vast amount of work is involved, but he does not dwell on difficulties—he hasn't the time. "Directing two plays at once can be a bit of a strain," he admits. *"All's Well That Ends Well* and *Richard III* are going to be presented alternately, which means they've both got to be ready from the start of the Festival. And we're doing *All's Well That Ends Well* in modern dress, which has posed a few problems."

His career as director and producer goes back to 1926, when he was 26 years of age; he was engaged as producer with the Scottish National Players. Five years later he had his first London production, *The Anatomist,* at the Westminster Theatre, and since that time has had a long list of successes in many parts of the world —at the Old Vic, Sadler's Wells, Covent Garden, and most of the theatres in London, at the Gate Theatre in Dublin, at theatres in New York, Helsingfors, Tel Aviv, and in Australia.

The citizens of Stratford have become accustomed now to seeing 80 actors and actresses wandering around with volumes of Shakespeare in their hands, and to hearing about the interest shown in their Festival by people in all parts of the world. And the big, brisk figure of the Irishman who is "running the show" has become familiar to them, too; he is the central character in the larger cast of the whole great production that is the Festival.

Champion of the Viol

WHEN WE MET Professor Wolfgang Grunsky, he was fiddling with a viol, which, he hastened to tell us, "is the aristocrat of instruments." And without fussing about, he proceeded to give us a run-down on this six-stringed instrument. "It grew one way into the 'cello, and the other way into the viola and the violin," he said. "This viol I have here was made by an Italian, Grancino, in 1624, nearly a quarter of a century before Antonio Stradivari was born."

Prof. Grunsky, a small man (5 feet 6 inches, 150 pounds) who came to Canada with his family two years ago and started teaching at the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto last December, has been doing a great deal of work on the music of the 15th and 16th centuries. "The reason it is seldom played today," he said, "is that the instruments for which it was composed have either been changed or been replaced by others, so that now they are only collectors' items. But interest in it is being revived, and as a result of this more people are becoming interested in the viol.

"This interest pleases me. Viol music is intimate and sweet. But alas, it has six strings and therefore it is more difficult to play. Also, its range is smaller. The difficulty and the range were the factors in the decision to kick it out of the orchestras. But when several viols are played together, in accompaniment with another old instrument, the recorder—ah, the result is truly magnificent!"

Eaton Humphrey

PROFESSOR WOLFGANG GRUNSKY: Viol music is intimate and sweet.

"Since coming to the Conservatory, I have gathered together a group of viol enthusiasts," he said. "We will be giving a concert of Elizabethan works next Sunday, in connection with the Shakespearian season of the Earle Grey Players. I like these combinations of strings. After studying in Vienna—I was born in Austria, 50 years ago—I toured Europe with a Mozart Quartet. Now I have a quintet, for chamber music, and we will be giving concerts in Hart House in the autumn. My wife, Maria, is in the quintet." His sons, Hans, 8 years old, and Michael, 4, will not be in the group for a while yet.

A Better Mousetrap?

ALBERT BURNS, a 53-year-old electrician who lives in Farmland, Ind., has invented a better mousetrap. It can be plugged into any power outlet, uses the same bait for months, and works like this:

The mouse, lured by the odor of stale cheese, peanut butter, cat food, bacon or mouse hormones, enters a tiny door, sneaks up a ramp and gets to a platform that tilts and drops him into the teeth of a swinging arm. The arm starts a rotating plunger that makes 7,200 turns a minute. By this time, the mouse is so dizzy he doesn't know what is going on, which is just as well, because the arm hurls him against a steel plate, breaking his neck. Then the plunger stops, the swinging arm pushes the corpse into a drawer, and the trap sets itself for the next victim.

It is obvious that Mr. Burns has given the problem of a better mousetrap a great deal of thought, but we doubt if the world will now beat a path to his door. He has over-simplified his device; it does not play tunes, take pictures or give the mouse a loyalty test.

A Bad Resolution

A RESOLUTION passed recently by the Canadian Regional Conference of Christian Churches (an organization which includes 43 Protestant denominations which are offshoots from the main bodies of their churches) indicates how confused the issues of the Korea war have become.

The resolution, starting with the proposition that the purpose of the UN in the war was to bring about unification of Korea, urged that General MacArthur be given the job of driving the Communists out of all that country, and spoke of the fighting there as a battle against anti-Christian Communism.

Actually, the UN has never proposed to unite Korea by force; unification was to be by political settlement; the UN did not go into Korea to fight Communism, but to resist aggression; it is not a war of Christians against Communists—in the UN forces there are many Moslems, Buddhists, Hindus and believers in other religions.

There is nothing good, and a great deal that is bad, in the resolution approved by the Regional Conference. There is no merit in misrepresentation. And we shall be doing our cause a great deal of harm if we make the struggle of freedom against Communism solely a conflict between Christians and Red unbelievers. It is true that Communism would destroy the Christian Church, but it would also destroy all other churches.

Letters

Wine and Grog

I HAVE just finished reading an entertaining supplement issued by the London *Times*, entitled "Wines of France and Germany." Descriptions of various wines are given, and there is one article on "The Enjoyment of Wine," and another on "A Young Person's Guide to the Cellar."

What would happen if a reputable Canadian journal published such a supplement? The question is rhetorical. There would be an unearthly scream from all the fanatics in the country . . . The drinking of alcoholic beverages is going to remain a problem in this country until legislators learn to ignore the fanatics and pass some sensible liquor laws . . .

Vancouver P. V. BRISSENDEN

MONTREALER H. T. Coleman seems to know a great deal about the drinking habits of Calgarians. Possibly he fled Calgary because he was overtired . . . As a matter of fact, despite recent outbursts of publicity, I believe Calgarians have a much more civilized way of treating liquor than one encounters in most other cities. We recognize that there is such a thing as grog, and that people will drink it, no matter how prohibitionists yell or what laws are passed against it. That being the case, we try to accept it, without attributing to it any special virtues or vices . . . which may be the reason that when a Calgarian really gets drunk, he makes headlines across the country.

Calgary ROBERT DUNCAN

Sunday Movies

I SEE by the newspapers that Toronto is going to have Sunday movies, all very virtuous and uncontaminated by commercialism, of course. The movies will be shown on Toronto Island, and there will be no admittance fee. But no one is trying to hide the fact that the purpose of the movies is not to provide Torontonians with Sunday entertainment (and how they need it!) but to increase the revenues of the ferry service operated by the Transportation Commission.

Now, if it is not sinful for the TTC to show movies on Sunday for profit-making purposes, why is it sinful for private movie houses to do exactly the same thing? Perhaps some other SATURDAY NIGHT reader has a thought about this.

Oshawa JACKSON BELLAMY

A Word For Macfadden

"NOR HELL A FURY" in your "Books" for June 13, is an interesting article, as one would expect from Mr. Robertson Davies, B. Litt. (see his entry "The Canadian Who's Who"). However it is surprising that although he recognizes Mary Macfadden's as a "deeply, remorselessly revengeful book" yet he seems to accept as true everything she says. The wife of Bulwer Lytton (Lord Lytton) wrote against her husband in the same spirit and went about England attacking him. Frankly, how many men today would relish the publication of their wives' candid view of them? . . .

Bernarr Macfadden was experimenting with various methods in the early days, but he was basically right and his fitness at 85, shown in recent issues of his magazine, disproves the Menckens who have long since tumbled into their tombs.

I have Macfadden's "Building of Vital Power", 1904. There is very little that is extreme in it and the advice is good today. Although I have a conventional degree, physical culture has long been a hobby and I am an amateur European gold medallist. . .

Duncan, B.C. SYDNEY BLAKE

Subsidy For Switch?

. . . TRANSPORT MINISTER CHEVIER took a VHF channel from Toronto, and said that the city had UHF channels available for private operators at some future time. There are over 175,000 TV sets in the Toronto area, most of them (perhaps all of them) not equipped to receive UHF programs. To make the necessary changes in the sets, according to press reports, will cost about $50. As an election pledge at least, will Mr. Chevrier promise to write off that expense, in the form of a subsidy of some sort? After all, his switch would cost Toronto TV owners a total 175,000 times $50, or $8,750,000.

Toronto HARLAN CHAMBERS

I HAVE seen many comments about the insertion by U.S. television stations of commercial "plugs" in the Coronation films, and I do not think that all the comment is fair. Admittedly it was done by some stations, but these were a small minority, and believe me, these stations have heard about it from American watchers. The others carried the films without interpolation. I myself watched the inspiring ceremony for over an hour on a CBS outlet, without interruption . . . So I would ask Canadians not to sneer at all of us because of the sins of the few.

Chicago, Ill. ERNEST S. WILLIAMS

Malan's Policy

MR. WOODSIDE writes in your issue of May 9 that one of Dr. Malan's first demands is that English shall no longer enjoy equality with Afrikaans in South Africa. This was a cry of anti-Government elements in the recent election but it has no basis whatsoever in either the actions or the statements of Dr. Malan or in the sentiment of the Afrikaans people as a whole. In London for the Coronation, Dr. Malan stated: "South African nationalism is intended to include basically, as well as in its practical application, both language groups on a footing of equality."

Mr. Woodside says the Malan administration is "putting the clock back". But can measures such as the following possibly be regarded as anything but progressive? The doubling of the Bantu education vote in the last five years; the payment of Blind and Old Age Pensions for the Bantu; the establishment (in addition to existing university facilities) of a Medical Faculty for non-whites in Natal and the provision of 15 State bursaries a year for the training of non-white doctors; the annual State provision of the equivalent of $120,000,000 for these and other upliftment services for the black people (there are only some 325,000 income-tax payers in the whole country); the unprecedented expansion of opportunity for non-whites in the State services; the allocation, since the war, of State funds for the building in urban areas of 57,000 houses for the Bantu (40,000 of which have already been completed).

These are just a few examples of the progressive administration which is possible within the broad framework of apartheid. Many automatically assume that apartheid itself is retrogressive, but have they carefully examined the hazards of any alternative policy?

Ottawa A. W. STEWARD,
South African Government
Information Officer.

Breeding Rate

ALMOST every day we can pick up a newspaper and read about some new medical discovery which makes some disease less deadly or prolongs life. Meanwhile, the population of the world is increasing at a fantastic rate, and by far the greatest increase is among primitives who will not have the necessary know-how to govern themselves wisely for generations to come. What happens in the meantime? Must the civilized people stand by to be swamped by the fecund uncivilized? . . .

I am not suggesting that medical science take a holiday, but I do think that through some agency like the United Nations a supreme effort be made to reduce the breeding rate of the primitives, and part of the time of the scientists could be devoted to this problem.

A start has been made in India, but a much more vigorous campaign of birth control will have to be carried out if it is to do any good.

Windsor GEORGE BALDWIN

Likes Benefits

YOU SAY Saskatchewan is providing a test case of "how many buffets it takes to discourage believers in the myth of omniscience in Government."

. . . The reason we in Saskatchewan take these "buffets" as you call them is because we feel we have a most progressive Government, which, besides being honest enough to admit and correct its mistakes, has given us many benefits far ahead of the rest of Canada.

For $2.50 a month every family in Saskatchewan has free hospitalization. Without such a plan, 45 days in hospital in 1952 would have cost our family over $400. Can any other Province match this?

Our 1953 car licence and compulsory insurance cost $30. The primary dependent of any person killed by our car, whether a passenger in it, in another car, or a pedestrian will receive $5000 and every secondary dependent $1000 . . .

Regina G. A. MCKAY

The Woman Pays

THE WRITER of "The New Woman" has unwittingly admitted that in exploiting the female labor force men have had "a wonderful racket" —they have asked women to do the same work as men for far less pay, making up the difference by "pampering". Who is pampered? Certainly not the female workers who pull their load and ask no quarter, who in effect are placing money in the male laborers' pockets that these may pamper the women in their homes. How true—"It is the woman who pays"!

Waterloo, Ont. MAE MCDONALD

Are You There?

AN OLD COMPLAINT this but I find it very distracting: why do so many people answer the telephone with "hello" instead of announcing their name — or at least their number? There's probably no estimate of how many man-hours are wasted by callers inquiring as to the identity of the person at the other end. Business firms usually instruct their switchboard employees to announce the name, so why not a bit more common sense from private subscribers, too?

Hamilton, Ont. ROBIN CHASE

Doubt About Guilt

DISCLOSURES in the recent trial of the mass-murderer in London, England, will add substance to your arguments against capital punishment. It may well be that an innocent man was hanged . . . He would be alive now but for this brutal law . . . You have much support in your campaign. Keep it up.

Halifax LAWRENCE PYNE

The Paige Program

FOR THE benefit of your dyspeptic writers and your perturbed correspondents, would you print the advice given recently by the ancient but capable baseball pitcher, Mr. Satchel Paige? I would suggest, too, that some of the correspondents study his kindly use of words. Here is what he said:

Avoid fried meats, which angry up the blood.

If your stomach disputes you, lie down and pacify it with cool thoughts.

Keep the juices flowing by jangling around gently as you move.

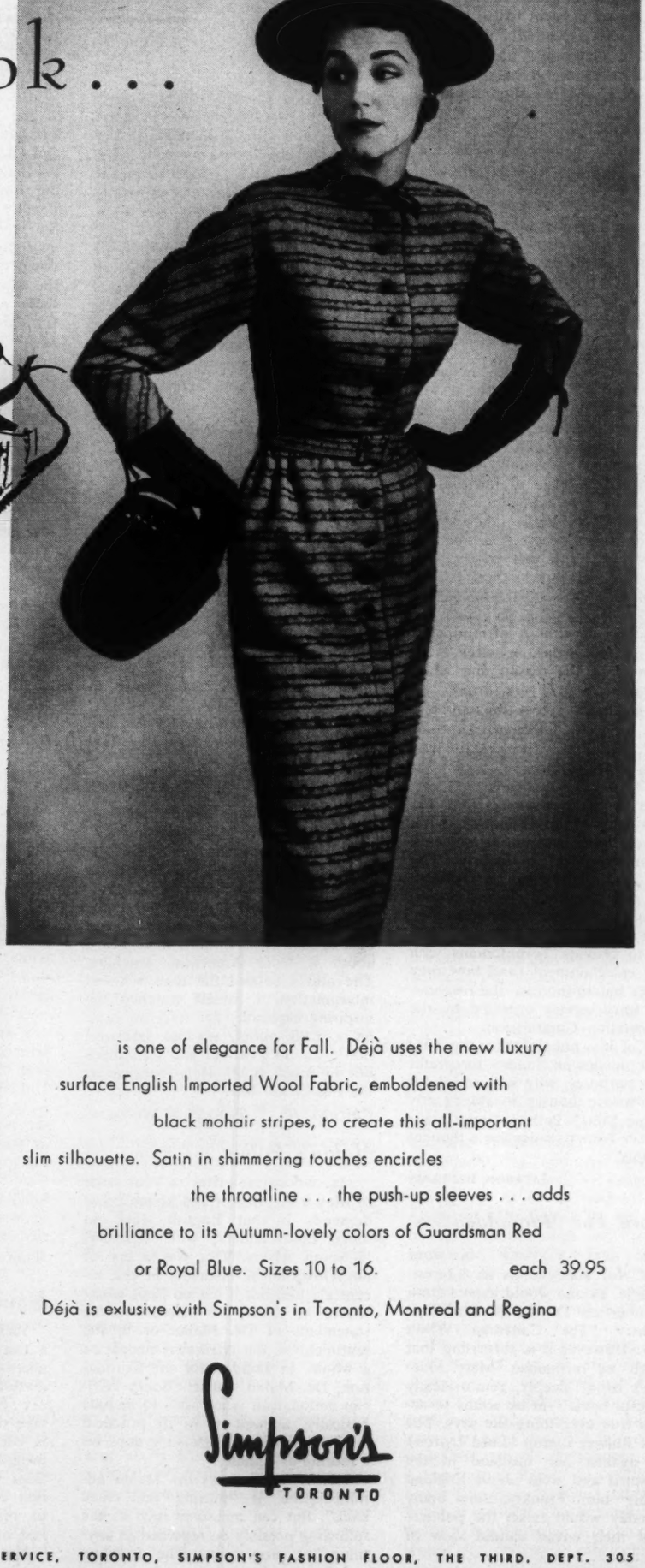
Go very light on the vices, such as carrying on in society. The social rambling ain't restful.

Avoid running at all times.

Don't look back. Something might be gaining on you.

Ottawa CARL LINDSTROM

that déjà look...



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The Shakespeare Cult An Industry Now

By IVOR BROWN

THE CITIZENS of Stratford, Ontario, now are able to claim that they have a Shakespeare Festival and actors among them as eminent as those in Stratford-upon-Avon, Warwickshire, England.

Alec Guinness is known on screens all over the world for his amazing versatility and on English stages for his brilliant work in Shakespeare as well as in modern plays. Tyrone Guthrie has for years been the leading master of theatrical production in which movement, color and crowd-work are especially required. Irene Worth, who comes from Nebraska, U.S.A., by way of the University of California, has recently established herself as one of the most sensitive of London's younger actresses; as I recently had the honor of her appearance in the television of a little one-act play which I wrote about William Shakespeare, I can vouch that she can wring the heart and is mistress of gaiety too.

This gallant invitation issued by the Canadian Stratford and the response to it by the players, which I am sure will be worthy, may naturally raise some curiosity as to what's happening on the other Avon and how the English Stratford is getting on in the world. The answer, briefly, is that it's doing "mighty fine".

Let us consider a few figures. Up till 1926, when Stratford's old Shakespeare Memorial Theatre was burned out, it was occupied for a month round about Shakespeare's birthday (April 23) and for six weeks in the late summer. That gives a ten weeks' season. With two matinées there would be eight performances a week, eighty in all. The capacity was 700. So, if every seat was sold, which I am sure was not the case, 56,000 people patronized it in a year. Allowing for some "bad houses", 40,000 patrons would be a fair guess.

Last year, there was a continuous season of 33 weeks lasting from March till the beginning of November, and this drew 350,000 people. The new theatre replaced the cindered shell, largely with the help of transatlantic subscription, in 1932. (A temporary home for the Festivals had been found in a cinema.) The new house was very much larger. Yet, even so, it was not large enough and, in 1951, 130 more seats were added by a replanning of the building. None the less, in the later months of the summer, hundreds are turned away for lack of seating.

Why and how has all this happened? The productions have been much improved; success breeds success. With more people coming in, more money could be paid out. The stars, who fought shy of Stratford for a long time and would not leave London, were now ready to travel down there and to play. They could not get London salaries, but they got renown. Much more could be spent on costumes and decoration. Under Anthony Quayle's direction, the standard of performance became as high as in the capital. There are now actually two teams of equal calibre. One is at present touring Australia. Another will visit the U.S.A. and Canada for a tour of 26 weeks in the winter of 1954.

Stratford is quite a small place, with 16,000 inhabitants. Obviously the residents cannot fill the theatre. It lives on visitation. But the crowds could not come unless they were got there; and, for a long time, that was difficult.

Stratford, 92 miles from London, is on a branch-line and the railway journey is tiresome, involving a change into a slow train. But the coming of the motor car and the motor coach altered all that. Stratford is just south of the huge industrial Birmingham and Coventry area; so in the Petrol Age it was easily reached. And coaches began to come in from all over the country. Moreover Stratford is a pleasant little market town, close to the fine Cotswold hills. You can take a boat on its river, stroll in its meadows, attend its horse races. It is just the place then for a holiday —with a bit of culture thrown in. All sorts of people, who would not bother to see a Shakespeare play in their own towns, would go quite a long distance to see one in Stratford.

The town had not always been proud of Shakespeare. At the time of his death (1616) it had gone fiercely Puritanical, and the Puritans regarded the players as limbs of Satan. When some of his associates of the King's Men came there in 1622 to look at his bust in the Church—it's still there, a dull, unworthy thing—they were treated like the musician who is given a coin to go and play in the next street. In the town's official accounts it is written:

To the King's Players for not playing in the hall, 6s.

Throughout the seventeenth century there was no Tourist Industry in the Bard's birthplace and deathplace. "Local boy", as we say, "had made good". But the poet, like the prophet, is not always honored at home. The locals blushed at the very thought of their local boy. An actor of plays, a writer of plays! Shameful!

The great Stratford build-up did not begin till a century and a half after William's death. Then Garrick, the famous Shakespearean actor, organized, in September, 1769, the first big Bardic Jamboree. Londoners came swarming down—and complained bitterly of rampageous prices at the inns. There were races, there were dances, there were banquets, there were fireworks—in so far as a steady downpour of rain did not quench them. Garrick wrote an Ode to "Avonian Will" and spouted it to the applauding notables.

'Tis he, 'tis he,
The god of our idolatry.

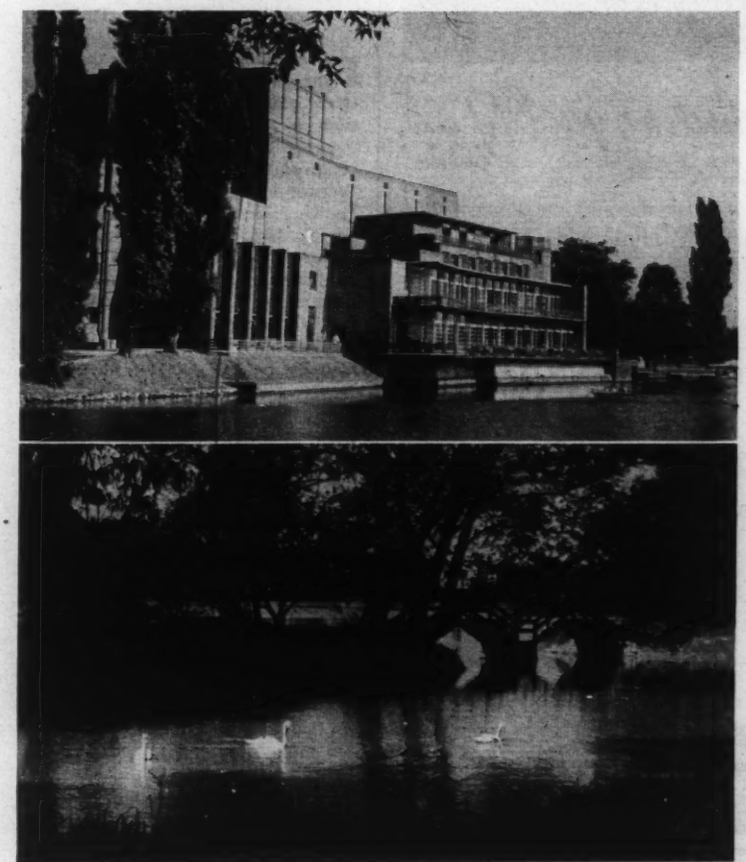
And so forth, terrible stuff to read now. It is true, nobody thought of acting one of Shakespeare's plays. But they drank to the Immortal Memory and then strove to get their coaches and carriages out of the Avonian mud and flooded meadows, soaked in person and in pocket. And that was that. But Garrick had used the word idolatry: a cult, a worship had been started.

THE MORE acute Stratfordians had at last realized that here was a Good Thing. Shakespeare was news. Shakespeare was money. They carved and sold innumerable relics from the never-failing timbers of a mulberry tree in his garden. His house, New Place, had been pulled down, but anecdotes could be invented and mementoes sold. What was, one has to admit, the great Stratford Racket had begun and, by the end of the century, the Racket was in full boom.

I say "was", because there is no Racket now, unless you choose to believe that the plays were written by somebody else and so denounce Stratford as a base pretender. Nobody now will try to sell you a fragment of that unquenchable tree or one of the poet's shoestrings. All the buildings connected with Shakespeare and his family are preserved and controlled by the Birthplace Trust, and in the Trust's premises there is no nonsense talked, no commerce in phoney bits and pieces of supposedly Shakespearean property. But for a long time after the Garrick Jamboree, the going was good for the local tradesmen with a tale to tell and a bit of junk to market.

A Shakespeare Club was formed in the town in 1824. It dined, had pageants and processions, and let off more fireworks. But no real theatre was built until 1879. That was the one burned down in 1926. The scheme had to face parochial defeatism and obstruction, and some derision elsewhere. Many people in Stratford were not even in the mood to pay the players for not playing. They did not want to pay at all.

The town had, however, a wealthy and public-spirited family, the Flowers, the brewers of its excellent beer. Charles Edward Flower determined to have that theatre, even if he did



British Travel Association: Peter Smith, Stratford, Ont.

***SHAKESPEARE MEMORIAL THEATRE** in England's Stratford is shown in the top picture. Below is a portion of the park in Ontario's Stratford where the first Shakespearean Festival will open next week.*

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most of the paying himself. (There has never been a penny of State money spent on Stratford. It has all been the work of private energy and enterprise.) The Flowers continued to be the patrons and benefactors of Stratford and it was largely due to the efforts of the late Sir Archibald Flower that enough money was collected to build the present playhouse, which has just celebrated its twenty-first birthday with Sir Archie's son, Colonel Fordham Flower as Chairman of the Governors. The architecture has been damned in both cases. The first house was a queer Gothic structure and was cursed as pretty-pretty: the second one is large, rectangular, and functional and has been cursed as ugly-ugly, jeered at as a jam factory, and so forth.

Tastes in these matters change very rapidly. Perhaps we shall one day call it a beauty. There is certainly much less grumbling about the second theatre now. And it is certainly well-sited and well-equipped. Its capacious and well-lit restaurant looms up over the river like the deck of a liner; the seats in the auditorium are really comfortable; and, when the moon is high over the Avon and the swans are riding the water in the silvered stream, the view up to the Church where Shakespeare lies buried is one of rare loveliness.

The lure of Stratford is world-wide and seems continually to increase. When the summer travel season has set in, the players may be addressing themselves to members of a score of nationalities in any one audience and also to all levels of Shakespearean scholarship—or lack of it. There will be professors who know everything about the poet and his text; there will be the directors of important theatres from many lands, knowing everything about lighting and stage-craft; there will be simple members of coach-parties from many English, Welsh, and even Scottish towns, knowing very little about Shakespeare's history or the technique of performance but seemingly delighted by the magnetic personalities of the players, by the flow of words, and by the rich color of the scene.

There they are gathered, in a small Warwickshire town, rapt by the sufferings and gaieties of the characters on the stage. They have probably been to the Church, the Birthplace, and to Anne Hathaway's cottage. They have stayed in this cultural Mecca, which draws its pilgrims increasingly from afar. A strange contrast, indeed, to that neglectful Stratford of the 17th century which was ashamed of its now all-conquering son.

They have also, though perhaps they did not notice it, been staying in a genuine piece of English life. For Stratford is still a farmers' town, with its market where the noisy livestock are brought in and valued and marketed as they were in Shakespeare's day, with much discussion of country matters in the abundant taverns to follow the day's business. There is hunting in winter and racing over fences. Here a man with a good horse is as much regarded as a man with a vast and shining motor car. The Shakespeare Cult has become a Shakespeare Industry which is now, as I said, an honorable and well-conducted Industry. But the age-long traffic of the land goes on around the cultural shrine and many Stratfordians are much more concerned about the price of a hog than about the excellence (or otherwise) of a Hamlet.

So the visitor is well advised not to be overworked by the recognized routine of seeing the Shakespearean sights and well advised, also, not to hurry away too soon, if his travel schedule will allow him any dalliance. For the countryside round about is full of adorable things such as the old towns of the Cotswolds, unique in the honey-colored stone with which the rich sheep-farmers built them when the flourishing English wool trade was centred hereabouts.

There are many great country houses of rare beauty in easy reach and most of them open to view. I especially fancy the great Tudor pile of Compton Wynyates with its yew-hedged lawns and pleasances, just the kind of lawns and hedges that occur in Shakespeare's comedies. And right in the middle of Stratford there is the Shakespeare garden, filled with the flowers that are mentioned in the plays, on the site of his old house. Sight-seeing is hard on the legs: here you may sit and rest them.

Of course, there are taunts about Stratford "selling Shakespeare". But what is Stratford to do? Turn people away? Pretend that it is not proud of its own astonishing magnetism? It would be a disgrace to England if it did not receive its Shakespeare-hungry visitors. Why not a Shakespeare Industry, provided it be honest? It was admittedly a swindle once: but now it is fair play—with the finest players—in a fair place.

•

The Daily Heart

Almost before it has had time to fill
The year tears up summer's engagement book
And winter's pages open white to take
Notes that will fade as quickly as leaves fell,

Then summer writes again in a fresh journal
For the year that will never be more than a year old,
Till a season of cold succeeds the season of gold
Only to melt in another that is vernal,

And we watch with envy the tireless new year's youth
As our own years come and stay and refuse to go
Although they can scarcely bear a flake of snow
Or the weight of another leaf from autumn's wreath.

By turns the year meets spring, summer, fall, winter,
But in the daily heart the four encounter.

ROBERT FINCH

The Social Scene

Instructions For The Summer Bachelor

WIVES, IN THEIR DOGMATIC bliss, believe that husbands left alone at home during the summer spend half their time giving themselves self-inflicted wounds with can-openers, and the rest of the time yearning for wifey's speedy return. Nothing could be farther from the truth.

As a matter of fact, those of us who have spent several summers in temporary single blessedness have the times of our lives when the family is away, and a few of us even wish we could afford to send them to Florida during the winters as well.

Summer bachelors have discovered that cooking and housekeeping are at worst a bore, and at best a delightful way to kill an evening or two while recovering from their dissipations. For those lucky men about to embark on the sea of summer bachelorhood for the first time, the following information will be found to be invaluable. Furthermore, their wives will return to their permanent bed and board delighted with the discovery that their fears were not only groundless but insane.

The first item with which the summer bachelor must acquaint himself is his orientation, not only in the general scheme of things, but among the neighbors. He must realize that there are elements among the neighboring population (female, of course) who are out to blacken his reputation and get him a quick divorce. These elements must be immobilized by being avoided if possible, or by being completely ignored.

A case on record is that of a man who had a gossipy next-door neighbor. He frustrated this babbler completely by drawing the shades on the side of his house facing hers, on the day his wife left, and by leaving them drawn for two months until she returned. Besides this, he smuggled his potables into a side door after nightfall, and carried the empty bottles with him to work, dropping them each morning into a trash can outside his office building.

PRESUMING that the temporary bachelor is able to baffle all the gossips, his first thought (or at least his second one) should be food. It is best that he dine almost exclusively from cans, but if he fancies himself as a *gourmet*, or is worried about his health, he may prefer to try to exist on food fresh from the groceteria. This is where he comes up against an immutable law of organic chemistry: most foods spoil if they are not eaten.

This food spoilage may be detected in various ways, but the easiest is to sniff each evening as soon as the kitchen is entered; for example, if there is a putrescent smell such as that given off by overripe bananas, it is probable that the bananas bought two weeks ago, and forgotten, are spoiled and must be either thrown to the jackals or dropped into a garbage pail placed as far from the house as possible. Another way to discover if food has spoiled is to find that it has acquired a cute fur jacket since last being seen. Remember that nothing acquires a fur jacket in July or August but bad women and bad vegetables.

One of the staple foods, bread, will develop a bluish color around the crust if not eaten during the first few weeks. This is called blue mould because of its color and because the bread is mouldy. The mould should be sliced off before the bread is eaten, not for health reasons, but who ever heard of eating blue bread? By carefully cutting away the mould each day, the bread slices will diminish in size, and at the end of a week or two

the bachelor will be able to dine in solitary splendor on dainty little sandwiches of the kind his wife serves to her bridge club.

A few little hints about other food spoilage problems would not be amiss at this time. Hardened sugar may be broken with an ice pick, but the best method is to soften it with tea or coffee and use the sugar bowl or canister as a cup, thereby taking the tea to the sugar instead of the opposite method generally used. Old spoiled hamburger steak makes excellent fertilizer for rose bushes, and equally old fish may be used to quiet night-howling cats.

The best way to avoid food spoilage is to follow the example of the summer bachelor who threw all the fresh food out of the house as soon as his wife left for the cottage, and henceforth dined and supped sensibly in restaurants and bars.

Many summer bachelors are convinced they are born chefs, and decide beforehand to cook themselves the kind of meals they see in magazine illustrations. To these soon-to-be-disillusioned young men, we tender a few words of caution. Firstly, we believe the pictured meals in magazines to be optical illusions, and secondly, everything you will cook will turn out to be either hash or stew.

All bachelor cooking should be done on top of the stove, using as a maximum of cooking utensils, one saucepan and one frying pan. This will reduce the pan-cleaning chore to scrubbing two pans once a week (although they should be left under a running cold water tap when not in use). This will also reduce costs, as the lady of the house will have to purchase only two new pans when she returns home.

The main reason for only using the top of the stove is that week-old spillage stains in the bottom of an oven are decidedly hard to remove, even with a blowtorch. And, it might be added, a decision not to use the oven will save the bachelor severe gastro-intestinal disorders brought about by eating his own sage dressings.

A cautionary note: never try to disguise a rusted iron frying pan by applying an inside coat of black enamel; it gives the meat a peculiar taste.

The saucepan should only be used for cooking canned beans, canned spaghetti and canned chile-con-carne, while the frying pan is used (as its name implies) for frying almost everything else, especially bacon and eggs and (until he is deathly sick of them) steaks. Never use the saucepan, by itself, for boiling rice; this will prove disastrous, as the writer found out last summer. The following is the method recommended for making rice pudding.

First, jack up the stove and place it in the middle of a large washtub, making sure that the tub completely surrounds it to a diameter of several inches. Then place two pounds of rice (sago or tapioca will do just as well) into a small saucepan, covering it with water. Place on high heat and leave it while you take a leisurely bath. When you return you will find a bubbling white mantle of rice covering the stove and half filling the washtub. Scrape the rice out of tub and on to plate, and eat. Portions: six weeks' supply for ten people. Note: this will not be rice pudding, but after trying to find the oven door under its ghastly white covering you'll decide you never did like rice pudding anyhow.

We have already discussed what to do with kitchenware in order to keep drudgery to a minimum, but strangely enough, dirty dishes and cutlery seem to frighten the prospective summer bachelor more than anything else. These should present no special cleaning problem unless he happens to live in a drought area; he should place them in serried rows on the front lawn when it rains, and let nature take its course.

The wife in one of our case histories returned home early one fall to find the kitchen sink piled high with forty-eight stained glasses and one dirty plate, which in themselves spoke volumes about her husband's summer activities. It is just as well they did, for her husband couldn't; he was in a rest home drying out.

Unfortunately, the kitchen is only one room of the house. Unless the bachelor wishes to spend his weekends in menial toil, he should close up most of the rooms, including the bedrooms. He will find ample sleeping accommodation on the living-room sofa, covering himself with one blanket, and will be able to rest there comfortably for the duration.

HERE are a few cleaning hints that will save much time and trouble for the summer bachelor. The hardwood floors, of course, should not be cleaned at all, as this rest from the deleterious effects of wax gives them a wonderful patina like old sun-scorched mahogany. Floor sweepings may be pushed into the cellar, or on to the back porch where the wind can get at them. The best way to remove cobwebs from walls and ceilings is with a well-aimed jet from a garden hose. The fluff can be taken off brooms by buying an Airedale and brushing his coat the wrong way. Glass stains are easily removed from the top of the piano (or at least forgotten about) by a further application of gin and bitters, left to soak in overnight. Cigarette burns in rugs and draperies may be filled with neutral shoe polish and hand-painted to match the pattern.

Or, perhaps the best course of all is to wait until a week before the wife comes home, clean up the debris with a snowshovel, and hire a cleaning woman to finish the job.

Just a few more hints. To the bachelor who has decided to do his own laundry: don't. Send everything out, including socks. If your wool socks come back several sizes too small, your boy will be able to wear them in a few years' time.

Another invaluable thing to remember is that daily papers left on the front step are an indication to the neighbors of how many nights in a row you did not get home at all. Milk deliveries should be stopped also, or the surfeit of this fluid will force you to bathe like Anna Held, or spend hours among the souring bottles playing, "Here We Go Gathering Curds In Whey", while you wonder whether it will plug the plumbing.

And one last thing. Make sure you vacuum every last hairpin from the floors, even though they are the ones your wife scattered herself in the hurry of leaving. She will never believe they are hers, and caution is the father of valor.

A sad case was reported last year when a cleaning woman, hired by a summer bachelor the day before his wife returned home, lost a hairpin beside the sofa. Without asking for an explanation the wife clobbered the husband with a frying pan, two-week-old fried potatoes and all.

There will be no stray hairpins in our house this summer, for I have attached a magnet to a broom handle with which I search in the most inaccessible places where only a woman would think to look. Not that it matters. I'm going to get hell anyway from my wife, for while she's been away I've taught our budgie to swear. You should hear that bird!

HUGH GARNER

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Chief Agent for Canada

Ottawa Letter

They Turn Their Faces to the East

IT WAS INEVITABLE that the advent of the summer holiday season and the preoccupation of the farmers of Eastern Canada with their crops would slow down the tempo of the election campaign, and in the lull of early July the determination of trends of opinion was difficult. But there is considerable evidence that both the senior parties are reconciled to getting only modest contingents of supporters from the four western provinces; they realize that the eastern provinces are the battleground on which the issue between them will be decided. In these provinces they expect little trouble from the CCF and it remains to be seen whether the fanfare of political trumpets which marked the recent gathering of the chieftains of the Social Credit party in Toronto, will cause much excitement in the eastern constituencies.

One thing certain is that the Liberal party, faced by vigorous attacks on different grounds by all the three other parties, is now committed to a difficult defensive battle and that it is relying mainly upon the personality of Prime Minister St. Laurent to pull it through to another victory. In his oratorical pilgrimage, he is not sparing himself, and his untiring exertions to let hundreds of people at every one of his stopping places exchange a word with him or touch the hem of his garment must command admiration and involve a heavy strain on a man of his years.

The Prime Minister today shows many signs of being a Canadian counterpart of the late Earl Baldwin, who for a much longer period than any other politician directed the destinies of Britain in the tragic decades between the two world wars.

Stanley Baldwin was an attractive and highly cultivated man with broad human sympathies and such a gift of oratory that some of his speeches are classics of their kind.

But Baldwin was by nature indolent, a lazy-minded conservative, who would only bring himself to tackle problems when the grim consequences of their neglect stared him in the face; his ingrained habit was to let sleeping dogs lie. He won more than one election on the slogan, "Let well enough alone and do not risk a change of Government", while under his regime thousands of unemployed British workers dragged out a miserable existence on a niggardly dole and the pools of industrial squalor grew blacker. Pursuing a passive policy of drift in the international arena, he and his choice as a successor, Neville Chamberlain, landed the country in a second bloodbath and brought her down to the status of a second-rate power.

Now Bruce Hutchison has lovingly depicted Mr. St. Laurent as "the ultimate Canadian", an embodiment of all the virtues of our two basic races, and claimed in so many words that Providence had fashioned him to be the best Prime Minister that Canada had ever known. As an orator he is as the moonlight to the sunlight by comparison with Mr. Baldwin, but like the latter he has winning ways with the public and appeals to many of them as a politician of generous instincts whom they can trust. And in the present campaign he has revealed himself as the same dangerous type of indolent conservative as Stanley Baldwin was, and we are hearing constantly from his lips the muffled battlecry, "It's no time to risk a change."

In the eyes of Mr. St. Laurent, it is roses all the way, in the Canadian garden. He can detect very few flaws in our civilization and only trivial weaknesses in our national economy. His program is virtually mute on the subject of reforms, apart from a reiteration of his intention to persevere with negotiations with the provinces about a formula for giving Canada unfettered powers to amend her constitution at home. Not a word from him about the reform of the Senate, whose farcical situation has become a byword and weakened its authority.

What about the parlous plight of Canadian education to which every convention of teachers testifies, and which can only be alleviated by generous grants from the Federal Treasury, pronounced unthinkable by Mr. St. Laurent? What about the 641,820 Canadians, or nearly one fifth of all the households of Canada, who, according to a survey made by the Bureau of Statistics, are living today in conditions of overcrowding which are a menace to health and morals? What about the ominous evidence supplied by the returns for the first months of 1953 of a sharp recession in our export trade, which has always been a governing factor in our prosperity? What about the decline in farm income in the first quarter of 1953? What about the reform of our divorce laws, whose antiquated nature, according to a statement made by a Roman Catholic priest, today causes some 50,000 people in the Montreal area to live in what he calls "concubinage"? And how is Mr. Howe to find labor for manning the new enterprises to be created by this year's fresh capital investment of $600 millions, in which he takes such pride, unless there is a strong annual reinforcement of our national labor force by immigration, which has shown a sharp decline this year?

A statesman possessed of the reforming zeal which has been characteristic of all Liberal leaders in the great tradition, has today in Canada abundant scope to give such zeal free play. But Mr. St. Laurent, who like all aging men is obviously fearful of fresh adventures, elects to follow the paths of indolence taken to the grave detriment of his country by Stanley Baldwin, and demands re-election on the pusillanimous ground that "It's no time for a change". Surely a young country, pulsating with vitality and eager to continue its march to greater influence among the nations of the world, needs a more inspiring stimulation from its leader than "Let well enough alone".

MR. DREW has made a good start with his campaign, and he must be heartened by the much more favorable "press", which his initial speeches have received than in 1949.

In his invasion of Quebec, Mr. Drew had a warm reception. The time which he has devoted to acquiring a mastery of the French tongue has obviously been well spent, as his new fluency in it surprised and pleased his French-Canadian audiences. In Quebec he has been concentrating upon the issue of the aggrandisement of the Federal authority at the expense of the Provinces, and his firm pledges to combat it and even reverse some moves of centralization have evoked a sympathetic response in a Province which is traditionally jealous of its sacred autonomy.

There is always a danger that Mr. Drew's crusade against centralization may backfire against him in other provinces, where the Liberals allege that he is determined to wipe out the Federal-Provincial agreements about taxation, which have been financial lifelines to the poorer provinces.

JOHN A. STEVENSON

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Foreign Affairs

The Rosenbergs and Willi Goettling

THE ROSENBERG CASE, it is being said, will be another Sacco and Vanzetti Case, another Dreyfus Affair, which will be with us for years, perhaps for decades. I suggest that it will last just as long as the Cold War; that the only adequate explanation for it is as a battle in the Cold War.

Why is it being compared to these other famous cases, in one of which new evidence which might have saved the men was barred at the last moment, and in the other the evidence was proved years later to have been faked? Precisely to give the impression, by association of ideas, that the evidence on which the Rosenbergs were convicted was false too.

The evidence is the strongest element in the case. It has never been disputed in legal circles. The American Civil Liberties Union found no grounds on which to protest the case. Even Mrs. Tessie Greenglass, mother of Ethel Rosenberg and David Greenglass, cried out after the trial, not that it was unfair, but "I blame the Russians for poisoning my children."

Nor did Justice William O. Douglas of the Supreme Court raise any question as to the evidence in granting his eleventh-hour stay of execution. I wonder if it is widely realized just what his argument was. He thought the Supreme Court should look into the contention of two lawyers, who took up the case at the last minute, that the Rosenbergs should have been tried and sentenced under the Atomic Energy Act of 1946 rather than the Espionage Act of 1917. Now note his reflection: "One purpose of the Atomic Energy Act was to ameliorate the penalties for disclosing atomic secrets." The law was aimed, he said, at ensuring national defence, but also at assuring "sufficient freedom of interchange between scientists to assure the nation of continued scientific progress."

Actually, the real protest of non-Communists in the Rosenberg Case was against the severity of the sentence, and the extent of Communist success can be measured by the way in which they managed to excite people who would not want to serve their cause, over this particular case of capital punishment. Opposition to capital punishment is an honorable cause, but those many ministers of religion, foreign dignitaries and other good people who protested the execution of the Rosenbergs would have gained more credit had they also carried placards in their parades and sent telegrams of protest to the Soviet embassies about the execution of Willi Goettling, the day before the Rosenbergs died.

Who was Willi Goettling? He was a human being, every bit as valuable and important as the Rosenbergs, a family man whose children have been left fatherless. He was an unemployed worker of West Berlin who was grabbed by the Red Army in East Berlin on the day of the big rioting there. Without any legal or humanitarian nonsense of trial by jury and two years of appeals, his end was announced the next day by the Soviet commander. He had been court-martialed and executed. Even when his name was celebrated for a day, when an empty coffin was placed for him at a state funeral of East Berlin victims attended by Chancellor Adenauer, there were no parades or protests by those who had made the heavens ring so few days before.

The apathy towards the fate of Willi Goettling does not prove that it was right to execute the Rosenbergs. But it does put the aims and prejudices of those whose protests made the Rosenberg Case a world-wide sensation (seeming to put American justice itself in doubt) in some kind of perspective.

There is a strong moral argument against capital punishment. *But the heart of the agitation over the Rosenbergs lay in its denunciation of American justice.* The Rosenberg counsel, Bloch, gave the game away when he screamed at the well-staged funeral that the Rosenberg execution was "Naziism", "barbarism", "insanity"; that it was "murder" by Eisenhower and the FBI.

It was precisely to present the U.S. in this light that the agitation was launched and carried out on a world-wide scale. This whole affair is of one piece with the accusation of "germ warfare"; its aim is to present the U.S. as barbaric, and to isolate it from the rest of the world. To the Soviets this was simply another battle in the cold war.

It was typical of the Soviets that they calculated that if the organization of the protest was on a great enough scale, it wouldn't matter that they had a weak case. The evidence at the trial was wholly convincing and has never been challenged since in legal circles. It was not only the overwhelming credibility of the story told by Ethel Rosenberg's brother, David Greenglass, but the long chain of corroboration which began with Allan Nunn May, in the Canadian spy case. His notebook pointed towards Klaus Fuchs, in Britain. Fuchs confessed, and identified Harry Gold as the courier. Gold confessed, and identified Greenglass. Greenglass confessed, and identified the Rosenbergs.

The question of whether Greenglass should have implicated his sister is one between him and his conscience; but his evidence has never been shaken.

Justice for the Rosenbergs! Must there not be justice also for the people of the United States, and for the rest of us? As the humane *Christian Science Monitor* summed up the case, society is bare before its enemies, unless there is power somewhere to carry through a conviction which has been judged valid by all qualified authorities. Otherwise, other saboteurs could come to believe that Communist pressure would get them off if they were caught.

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Letter from Washington

Canada Shifts Its Diplomats

HUME WRONG, one of Canada's supreme public servants, needs no eulogy. He has spent his life, after teaching at the University of Toronto, in helping to shape Canada's foreign policy. As a young man, he served at Geneva during the tragic years of the League's eclipse, when Canada believed in peace without sacrifice, or peace at the expense of other people's sacrifices. Without turning into a cynic, he learned from those years to be sceptical about the bright promises with which the politicians so often pave the road to the abyss. He also learned that the task of giving order to the world community must be attempted with a sense of adventurous faith, tempered by a prudent regard for the realities of political life, if mankind is to be saved from disaster.

In the challenge of war, when Canada surged forward with new power, he was one of the men in Ottawa who made the Department of External Affairs a respected and creative voice in the councils of the world. He came to Washington in 1946 as Canada's Ambassador, and since then his eminent gifts of mind and heart have won for him such unique respect and admiration that his return to Ottawa leaves a void in the diplomatic life of this city.

His genius for wise counsel has given him a stature which prompted the Washington *Post* to speak of him in terms rarely used of a foreign diplomat. The *Post* recalled that Mr. Wrong had the difficult task of succeeding Mr. Pearson as Canada's Ambassador to the United States; yet he was able to increase Canada's influence in this capital, to make his judgment valued at the State Department and the White House.

In the next few months other members of the Canadian Embassy will leave this city and be given other duties. For the sake of accuracy, and to silence the whispering tongues that poison truth, it should be said in the plainest terms that these changes have absolutely nothing to do with the Republican party coming to power. The relations of Canada with the United States are too secure to be affected by the fever chart of American party politics. Mr. Wrong consented to prolong his service in Washington so that his experience would be available during the initial period of transition when the new Administration was becoming master of the vast inheritance to which it had been called. It is one of the best authenticated facts in this city that his decision was no less eagerly welcomed in the State Department than it was applauded in Ottawa. His advice and judgment were valued by the Republican Administration, as they had been earlier in the long years of Democratic rule, because of the experience and disinterested wisdom which shaped his verdicts.

It is one of the necessary penalties of our system of government that our political figures are often given a greatness quite beyond their stinted measure. One should turn, in gratitude, to the indispensable public servants like Mr. Wrong, who have enriched Canada by their unselfish and valiant gifts. Mr. Wrong, in his new post as the chief colleague of Mr. Pearson in Ottawa, will be given many opportunities to enhance the influence and creative power of the Department of External Affairs to which he is so greatly dedicated.

He will be followed as Canadian Ambassador here by another respected and outstanding diplomatic leader, Arnold Heeney, who comes to Washington not only with a detailed knowledge of the Ottawa scene but also with a fresh appraisal of the problems before the North Atlantic Council, on which he has spoken for Canada. It is one measure of the importance of the Paris position, which Mr. Heeney has now vacated, that it will be filled by Dana Wilgress, another of Canada's stellar servants.

THE PROMISE of an early truce settlement in Korea produced a strange sequel in Washington. There was almost no jubilation, though there was thanksgiving that the weary and indecisive fighting appeared at last to be coming to an end. Almost everyone realizes that Korea will continue to be a problem for years to come; and behind the Korean settlement gloom the sullen and discordant issues of Communist China's place in the world community.

I was told by a sensitive observer in the State Department to remember the swift transition of public opinion on the Yalta agreement. Greeted as a document of deliverance, the Yalta agreement soon was consigned by a revulsion of feeling to a place in American demonology. The same fate may strike the architects of the Korean settlement if events in the Far East should take a disastrous turn. This warning may be a sensible one but it would be folly to deny that the latest events in Korea have given the Eisenhower Administration a new mandate of public confidence.

I also was told that a long interval must pass after a Korean settlement before the United States will agree to have Communist China in the United Nations. Certainly that interval, in the opinion of Congress and the State Department, must be longer than is now predicted by Canada or Britain or France. I do not agree with this American thesis, but I think it is important for Canadians to understand the present emphasis of responsible American thought.

I ATTENDED President Eisenhower's press conference at which he discussed the issue of book-burning, which has aroused so much anxiety in this country. I must say that he discussed this theme in a different way from Mr. Dulles's manner the other day.

Mr. Dulles seemed almost irritated by the questions that besieged him. He acted as if many other problems burdened his mind and he wondered why there was this concern about the censorship of books. There were over two million books in the government's libraries overseas and so far as he knew only eleven books had been burned or destroyed. Without saying so, he seemed to suggest that the reporters were making an exaggerated fuss about the whole affair. Not once did it occur to the Secretary of State that this censorship of ideas was a deliberate defiance of the imperatives of freedom enshrined in the American tradition.

President Eisenhower, on the contrary, virtually repudiated McCarthyism, even though he still refused to criticize Senator McCarthy personally. The President spoke in the great tradition of American freedom. There was urgent need for this courageous affirmation of American principles, for only the other day Senator McCarthy had assailed Dr. Conant, former president of Harvard who now is High Commissioner in Germany. No one, apparently, is safe from the rough aspersions of Senator McCarthy. I must add that Dr. Conant bore his ordeal with calm dignity. He surveyed Senator McCarthy with a certain clinical curiosity. He refused to be goaded into any flash of temper, and as the Senator filled the room with the rasp of his angry complaints, Dr. Conant's replies came with serene and untroubled grace from his scholar's conscience.

But even President Eisenhower has failed to meet the central issue. The problem does not concern books by Communists or books which seek to advance the Communist conspiracy. Among the authors whose books have been removed from the shelves of government libraries are Bert Andrews, a Pulitzer Prize journalist and the chief of the New York *Herald-Tribune* bureau in Washington; Alan Barth, whose editorials on civil liberty in the Washington *Post* have given him national renown; General Joseph Stilwell; the distinguished sociologists, Robert and Helen Lynd; Walter White, president of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People; and some members of the Overseas Press Club.

The loyalty of all these writers cannot be successfully challenged by any tribunal of inquisitors. Yet they have been exposed to the indignity of public criticism, and have failed to be defended by the Secretary of State, just because they dared to speak with courage and frankness on issues which now divide the nation. I know of nothing in the history of the Washington press corps which does it greater honor than its almost passionate protest against this violation of the rights of free inquiry and free expression.

MAX FREEDMAN

Music

The Rights of Minorities

RECENTLY we have been entertained by correspondence in the daily papers about *Façade*, the famous entertainment for orchestra and voice, written by Sir William Walton and Dame Edith Sitwell.

One of the principal correspondents has seriously implied that the CBC arranged for a performance of *Façade* a day or two before the Coronation in order to insult the whole proceedings. The point which was then raised is becoming more and more frequent, and it applies to more things than *Façade*. It consists of saying: "I do not like this music; therefore it ought to be stopped, and no one should be allowed to hear it."

There is certainly nothing the matter with holding strong opinions about music. Apathy is perhaps a worse foe than downright hostility. Pallid, genteel, non-committal views that will offend nobody, are the embalmers of Canadian art. But getting sufficiently angry about a piece of music to write to the papers about it is one thing; and writing to say that the CBC has no business putting it on is quite another.

The reason why we pay for a publicly owned broadcasting system is not so that it will please all the people all the time. We want it to perform those things which otherwise we would not hear. Besides the majority audiences, there are also numerous minority audiences: those who like harpsichord music, or strict jazz, or English music-hall songs, or bagpipe music, or Gregorian chants, or any one of a thousand other things. Most of us belong to at least one of these minority audiences; many of us belong to several. It is the CBC's duty to cater to as many of these special minorities as it possibly can, distributing its time amongst them roughly in proportion to their memberships.

At present, it is hampered in doing this by the "rating" mentality, which insists on measuring the success of a program of music (or of anything else) by the rating: a figure allegedly representing the number of people who are listening, or at any rate have their radios turned on. This is all very well if you are trying to reach a majority audience; but plainly the rating will be no accurate measure of the value of the programs designed for the various minorities. Something else is needed; and the BBC has it. It is called the Appreciation Index, and is an attempt to find out how well the program was liked. Properly computed, it forms the measure of the success of a minority program. The fact that the BBC, in practice, seems to pay very little attention to the mass of information it accumulates is, of course, another story.

If at times you belong to one or more of the musical minorities (as almost certainly you do) then it will be very proper for you to listen closely and make sure that there are enough programs of saxophone solos, or brass bands or whatever it is you want. It will also be very proper that you should write furious letters to the CBC and to the papers demanding that whoever is responsible should at once pay more attention to your own special and particular musical cranny.

It is also very proper for you to become indignant about music you do not like, remembering, if possible, that you will be speaking of the lifework of a fellow human being, whose personality and labors deserve as much respect as you can find in the midst of your fury.

What will not do, however, is to urge that something be stopped because you do not like it. This is especially true of CBC programs, because it is so easy not to listen to the radio. If you do not like it, turn it off. Why, our radio has sometimes been completely broken for months together, and we hardly knew the difference until the electric clock stopped and we wanted to know the right time to reset it. This was during a summer; and the stuff that is pumped out as summer music is, in my opinion, saccharine nonsense. You, madam, agree with me; and that is why neither of us listens to it. You, sir, enjoy that kind of music and listen to it as much as you can. Excellent, so long as when *our* kind of music comes on, you give it the same treatment we gave yours: turn it off, and say nothing.

The people who are entitled to complain that a certain kind of music should be stopped, are not those who do not like it. Only those who do like it, but feel at the same time that it is badly chosen, or badly performed, or something of the sort; they, and only they, are entitled to urge that it be stopped, or altered, or demolished in some radical way. But great humility is needed. We all feel that we know more than we do: this is the Father Zeus Complex that widely afflicts music critics, teachers, political columnists, aldermen, and other persons of great wealth, learning, and nobility.

It is easy to say that you like experimental music; but it may be on condition that it does not carry out any experiments. It is easy to say that you like Beethoven; but it may be on condition that he sounds like Haydn. Music is beset by traps, and morasses. The art is long, life is short, and experiment perilous. But music is a matter of feeling as well as thinking. We must feel deeply as well as think deeply; and we ought to express ourselves in terms as strong as our feelings warrant. But always we should try to remember that we may be wrong; that another man's taste may be better than ours.

If there is certain music we do not like, we should first hear it (if we are sufficiently interested), and then stop hearing it. Nobody is forced to listen to music. We can also try to persuade other people not to listen to it, by suggesting that it is not worth listening to, and whatever experience they may think they are getting from it, may be had more usefully and more abundantly elsewhere. But if they persist in their errors, we must leave them to it. We must allow them to enjoy it if they want to, and to listen as much as possible, if we value our own right to listen to what we ourselves want.

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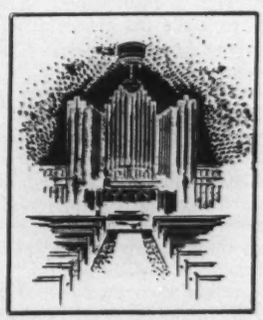

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Sports

Man on the Flying Trapeze

THE GAMEST OR GOOFIEST man in the history of what is referred to generally as "The Great American Pastime" is Charles Dillon Stengel, manager of the New York Yankees of the American Baseball League. Under Mr. Stengel's guidance, the Yankees have won four consecutive American League championships and four consecutive World Series.

This feat entitles Mr. Stengel to be known as the best manager in baseball's annals. It is a bit difficult to understand, then, what inspires the lantern-jawed Stengel to improve on near perfection. He is in much the same position as the man who, having gone over Niagara Falls in a rubber-ball, does it once again, just to prove to himself that he wasn't hurt.

As a life-long admirer of Mr. Stengel, your agent was trusting that he would retire at the end of the last baseball season, when he was dangling the sports world on the end of a string. At that juncture, Mr. Stengel had won more sporting glory than any one man is entitled to enjoy in the course of his life. Additionally, at that point, Mr. Stengel was loaded with more of the world's goods than any one man ever expects to acquire. He had a bank-roll that would gag a yoke of oxen; he was stacked with two or three apartment houses, two or three movie theatres, several oil wells and a bulging wardrobe of sports jackets, any one of which was sufficiently violent in hue to wrench a groan of envy from Beau Brummel.

But Mr. Stengel, ancient, angular and affluent, announced that he was anxious to guide the Yankees to a fifth consecutive world championship.

As the boys around the race track say, there's a story goes with it.

It is quite likely that Stengel's desire to win a fifth consecutive title at an age when more money and glory mean little to him, really is a desire to give the lie to those discriminating critics who dismissed him as a clown and a curmudgeon when he failed to make the grade in his first two Major League managerial assignments.

Casey Stengel inherited the job of managing the Brooklyn Dodgers in an era when the Dodgers never really were happy unless two or more of their base-runners were encamped on the same base. His outfielders were permitting the ball to bounce into the stands from their skulls and his pitchers were noted for their truculence rather than their effectiveness. One afternoon his star pitcher, Van Lingle Mungo, attempted to field a bunt only to have the second-baseman fall over him in the scramble. A Brooklyn baseball scribe wrote resignedly: "Van Mungo proved this afternoon that it is practically impossible for a pitcher to throw out a runner at first base when the second-baseman is riding piggy-back."

The Brooklyn owners, irked by such shennanigans, bought up Stengel's contract although it had a year to run. The next season, as he languished, listening to the whispers of his growing hair, he observed sardonically that he was being paid "$25,000 a year for not managing the Brooklyn Dodgers."

His managerial adventures in Boston were equally lamentable. Struggling with an ineffectual team, he came close to losing his sense of humor. Very shortly, he won the disaffection of the Boston baseball scribes, notably the most waspish sports writers on the continent. When he was levelled by a Boston taxi-cab and hospitalized with a broken leg, one Boston scribe voted the hack-driver, "the most valuable Boston player of the year."

That might have been the end of a baseball career for a lesser man than Charles Dillon Stengel.

BUT NOTHING, though, could daunt Stengel, who was a player in the tradition of John "Muggsy" McGraw. Even when things were going badly at Brooklyn, he had enough spirit, when the umpires made bad calls on close decisions, to put a handkerchief over his eyes as a blindfold and walk gingerly along the baselines until the outraged officials ordered him out of the park. When there were bad calls in Boston, he borrowed a white cane and smoked glasses and picked his way out to the home plate to question the justice of such decisions. He was the same incorrigible Stengel who, when he had been playing in the outfield for the New York Giants, scooped up a tiny sparrow and put it under his cap. On his next trip to the plate, when the crowd applauded him, he made a low bow, doffed his cap and looked up in mock surprise when the sparrow flew away from his noggin.

So, they chased him back to the Minor Leagues and, instead of giving up the game to count his money, Casey made an astounding success of managing the Oakland Oaks in the Pacific Coast League.

When the mighty New York Yankees recalled him to manage their collection of hobbling veterans and untried rookies at the beginning of the 1949 season, the appointment was greeted by hooting derision.

The New York Yankees always have been much too successful to be really popular with the mass of American and Canadian baseball enthusiasts. It was said of Stengel's two most famed predecessors — Miller Huggins and Joe McCarthy — that they weren't great strategists but merely "push-button managers." In other words, the general public always felt that the Yanks had so much talent on the bench that, when things went awry, the manager simply pushed the button and sent for another efficient player.

Such wasn't the case when Casey took charge of the Yankees. He had one or two really fine players and a score of Johnny-come-latelies. Tugging his long nose, stomping up and down in front of the dugout, he juggled these players so expertly that he won a pennant.

Typical of what happened to the Yankees and the next three seasons was the critical play of that first World Series game against the Brooklyn Dodgers. The game appeared likely to consume 20 or 30 uninspiring innings when Tommy Henrich hobbled to the plate. Henrich, who, for the previous month, had been wearing a corset to keep his jangling vertebrae in place, was just about ready for baseball's boneyard, but he picked out a nice curve and belted it into the right field stands for the run that established the pattern for four years.

Casey could have quit then and he would have been a worthy nominee for Baseball's Hall of Fame. But it has gone on, season after season: Casey striding up and down in front of the dugout, Casey tugging on his nose, Casey falling on his face in mock surprise when the Yankees won a close one; and the Yankees winning pennant after pennant in photo-finishes.

It has been incredible: Casey winning with cast-off players from other clubs; Johnny Mize, who had been waived out of the National League, winning World Series games for the Yankees; unknown pitchers coming through for the Yankees in the pinches; Casey pinning his pennant hopes on men who were a few short fumbling steps out of the Minor Leagues; Casey making speeches at the Yankee victory banquets and telling the sporting world that it wasn't his managerial ability but those big black letters "Y-A-N-K-E-E-S" on the uniforms that inspired his men to win the crucial games.

There was one occasion, though, when he showed your correspondent and 50,000 other watchers who was the driving force behind the Yankees. The Yanks were leading in the fourth game of the series against the Phils, after winning the first three.

Suddenly, the Phils scratched two hits off Whitey Ford and the Yanks were in trouble. Without hesitation, his head barely above his knees and his hands almost scraping the ground, Casey scurried to the mound, gave Ford an affectionate pat on the pants, sent him to the showers and signalled to Allie Reynolds in the bull-pen.

Casey followed Ford, as Reynolds warmed up, and the crowd booed.

Casey stopped short, glared at the crowd and, his hands swinging low again, scurried back to the mound. He cuffed Reynolds affectionately on the pants twice, put his hands on his hips and looked around at the 50,000 indignantly. The crowd cheered. Reynolds got the Phillies out of there in a hurry and that was the World Series.

And, that is Charles Dillon "Casey" Stengel.

JIM COLEMAN

They Say:

Windsor Star: Mr. Jean Désy, director of the international service of the CBC, delivers himself of a queer doctrine when he says: "The two principal ethnic groups in Canada have natural historical and constitutional rights to which Canadians of other origin have no claim."

Surely in this Canada of ours all citizens have equal natural and constitutional rights.

Vancouver Sun: Some who oppose the abolition of capital punishment accuse those who advocate it of sentimentality. But it's probable that the advocates of abolition are capable of the more reasonable approach. For the emotionalism which breeds prejudices is rather solidly on the other side. It gives the lie to the oft-repeated claim that capital punishment is used as a deterrent. It is mere social revenge and as such is no longer right in a Christian country.

Kansas City Star: The head of the British Interplanetary Association thinks that a successful landing on the moon by a man-carrying rocket ship is a possibility in twenty years, a certainty in fifty. And almost nobody will be surprised if he's right either way. One of the hallmarks of our times is the fact that amazement over scientific wonders has vanished. The first travelers to the moon and Mars may surprise whoever or whatever resides on those planets but they'd better not expect to astound the home folks on earth.

Hamilton Spectator: You could almost say that our appetites—like our dreams—have been too well diagnosed by the icy eye of psychoanalysis. If we eat too much it is because we are unhappy and frustrated; to convert an old proverb we must laugh and grow thin. Only it is becoming harder than ever to do this while concentrating on the vitamin, calcium and mineral content of everything we eat—as if food was some kind of murderer watching for the duffer. If some people want to dig their graves with a fork, there is no law against it, and there are much worse and more irritating ways of digging one's own grave. We prefer an uninhibited Falstaff to the dietary faddist, and would rather bury the latter with a shovel.

Philadelphia Bulletin: Seattle's city light department "unpatriotically" awarded a contract for 67,000 feet of cables to an English firm. It acted on the sound business principle of economy in giving the contract to the lowest bidder. It would have cost Seattle taxpayers $50,000 more if the bid of an American firm had been accepted.

The Federal Government is forbidden by law to practise such wise economy. The "Buy American Act" forbids the Washington government to give any federal contracts to foreign firms unless their bid is 25 per cent or more under that of an American bidder.

Seattle taxpayers are lucky, as are the customers of private corporations which are not bound by such a parochial law. But those who are Federal taxpayers have to bear the burden of this miscalled "patriotism".

Boston Post: Now and then the contents of a news item beguiles our wayward imagination into sleeveless speculation which is of no profit to anyone. But here is an enigma to ponder in your daydreams!

Hijackers recently made off with a truck loaded with forms to be used for IQ tests for students. Since its disappearance neither truck nor cargo has been found.

What would a hijacker be doing with a truckload of IQ forms? Would he sit down and fill them out seeking to determine the cause of the error of his ways? Would he be testing himself to find out if he is capable of holding down a job as a physicist, for example?

Or—and this is an unworthy thought—is there somewhere in this broad land a school official who is in the market for "hot" IQ forms? Maybe the FBI, now working on the case, will find the hijacker holed up at some lonely farm babbling to himself, having been driven dippy by trying to figure out what it is he has stolen.

New York Times: The sad truth is that traffic deaths could be reduced drastically if drivers only complied with the simple requirements of courtesy and good sense.

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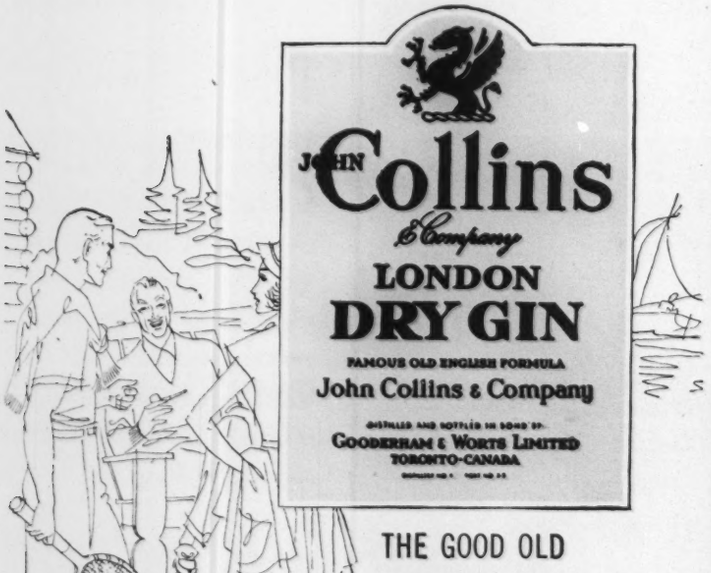

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Books

Nonesuch Gloriously Revived

OF ALL THE PRIVATE PRESSES established after the First Great War for the production of fine books, none, to my mind, was so consistently and admirably successful as the Nonesuch Press, founded in 1923 by Francis Meynell. I am not sure exactly when it ceased to bring out books, but it had certainly done so by 1940. It has now been revived, and its first publication is a superb Shakespeare, dedicated to the Queen and fully worthy to be called the Coronation Shakespeare.

In SATURDAY NIGHT of June 20 I made some remarks about books for collectors. This four-volume Shakespeare is something of which a collector may well be proud, not because it is rare, but because it is beautiful. It is not expensive; it costs seven guineas in England; call it thirty dollars by the time you have brought it to Canada: what picture, what piece of sculpture, can you buy for thirty dollars which will give you so much satisfaction as a thing of beauty?

Let me describe it briefly, and if, in doing so, I employ terms which bibliophiles do not like, let me say that I am trying to interest people who are not book-collectors, but who might be if the bibliophiles did not frighten them with their jargon. The four volumes are bound in quarter-buckram; that is, the backs are of very strong cloth of a warm brown, with the titles stamped in gold, within a neat border. The sides of the books are in marbled cloth, resembling marbled paper but much stronger and easier to keep clean.

The books are printed on an India paper which is firmer and better than the paper you are accustomed to in Bibles; each play has a title page of its own done on a thicker paper, so that it is easy to find. Each volume has a double title page, and a handsome dedication page designed by Reynolds Stone and printed from a wood engraving.

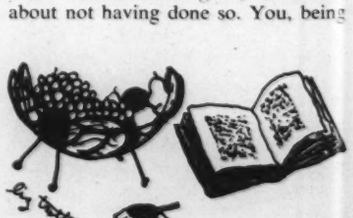
The text of each play is printed with the spelling and punctuation of the earliest reliable edition; variations in the text are printed neatly in the margins; there is no swamp of footnotes at the bottom of each page and consequently no fly-specking of tiny numbers through the text. Each page is beautiful, clear and as near to Shakespeare as you are going to come this side of the Elysian Fields. The Comedies, Histories, Tragedies and Poems each fill a separate volume; where a Quarto version of a play varies sharply from the First Folio version the Quarto text is printed in full after the more familiar one; three plays in which it is pretty certain that Shakespeare had a hand are also included and they are *Edward III*, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and *The Booke of Sir Thomas Moore*.

Forgive me if I appear to dote foolishly upon these volumes. To prove that I can be critical when faced with Nonesuch books I shall say that I have collected them for some years, and they are of uneven merit. The Nonesuch *Bunyan*, for instance, is by no means a success—a podgy, badly-decorated volume in an unsatisfactory binding. Nor is the Nonesuch *Anatomy of Melancholy*, with its rather empty designs by McKnight Kauffer, up to the best Nonesuch level. And on the editorial side, the series of Restoration dramatists suffers too often from the enthusiastic but somewhat tendentious editing of the late, fantastic Rev. Montague Summers. But when the whole Nonesuch output is compared with the output of the best of its contemporaries — the Gregynog Press, for one—its failures are fewer, and its successes are nobler.

ONE of its finest productions was a Shakespeare in seven volumes which appeared between 1929 and 1933 in an edition limited to 1600 copies, and limited to serious or wealthy collectors by its price, which was £25.7.6. The Coronation Shakespeare is founded upon this beautiful and costly earlier work, with certain editorial improvements but with the same admirable plan and editing by Herbert Farjeon. It is not limited in its printing, and a great many sets will be sold.

You can get one, if you want it and are prepared to hound your Canadian bookseller to get it for you. It may not be easy, for except in a few big cities Canadian booksellers are more interested in selling fountain pens, dripless candles, wallpaper, greeting cards, souvenir cushion covers, teacups, and effigies of old women with balloons than they are in selling books. Do not be angry with them. Our national indifference to reading has made them what they are. Now is your time to turn the tide; march boldly into the shop (taking care not to knock over the display of paper napkins and party favors) and demand that they get you the Coronation Shakespeare. If they faint, revive them with brandy and repeat your demand, writing it out in block capitals if necessary.

Having procured these handsome books, what about reading them? Now I know that you have been urged to read Shakespeare before, and you may feel either guilty or defiant about not having done so. You, being



a SATURDAY NIGHT subscriber, have probably seen some Shakespeare plays on the stage, and have liked them. You have almost certainly procured your seats for the productions of *Richard III* and *All's Well That Ends Well* at Stratford, Ontario, during the next five weeks. But you have never quite been able to bring yourself to read Shakespeare's plays. They seemed — let us be frank with one another—so dull to read.

Of course they are dull to *read*, and I think I know why that is so, and I think I can help you to get over it. Everybody, even professors, knows that Shakespeare wrote to be *acted*, and that is what you must do if you want to enjoy Shakespeare. You must *act* the plays in your head. If you have been reading them in the same way that you read novels, it is no wonder that you found them dull.

Reading a novel, you sit back in your chair and let it happen to you. The author tells you that his heroine is beautiful, and why, and when the hero kisses her he tells you if she tingles, and where. Reading Shakespeare you must use your imagination, as wildly and daringly as you can. You must conjure up your heroine; Shakespeare simply calls her "Beat" or "Ros," to let you know when she speaks. It is up to you to invest her with flesh, as you like it, a lovely voice, and every characteristic you ever admired in a woman. You will even have to put in the kisses, the stabbings and the socks on the jaw, for Shakespeare was stingy with stage directions. You must *be* Shylock and Hamlet and Lady Macbeth and Desdemona.

And you must read like the very devil. Don't mess about, wondering what a doubtful passage means; get on with it, and wonder afterward. Shakespeare's plays, with the exception of four or five of the longest, can be acted comfortably in three hours. You must read them at the same speed, or you will miss what they are about. When Mozart says that a movement of a symphony is to be *Allegro* you do not turn the speed-control of your gramophone to *Largo* and then complain that the music is dull. You must not do the same thing with Shakespeare. Very rarely is his speed anything less than *Allegretto* and it is very often *Prestissimo*.

Mind you, this is not easy. It takes it out of you. A night with *Hamlet* or even one of the comedies will leave you puffing, but exhilarated, as well. No reading that really strikes home to your heart and mind is easy. If you want an easy pastime, go out and play three fast games of badminton—don't tackle Shakespeare; reading *him* is much more like riding pillion on a witch's broomstick.

It's the same with the Bible, and I really think that this is why Shakespeare and the Bible are the two most respected and least read compilations of great writing in the English language; they are so dull when they are read unintelligently, and so unsettling and breath-taking when they are read with insight and the right technique.

Reading Shakespeare is never as good as seeing his plays well acted, for thirty professional imaginations are better than one amateur one. But reading Shakespeare is better than seeing the plays dully or badly acted, or not seeing them at all. So *read*—and until you have caught the excitement and can dare to stop for thought, you must read like the wind. And though any good edition will do, this wonderful Coronation Shakespeare by Nonesuch is the edition which will put the least barrier between you and the most magical of authors.

ROBERTSON DAVIES

Autobiographies

THE CHALLENGE—by Phyllis Bottome—pp. 407—McLeod—$6.00.

THREE IMPORTANT literary biographies have come to hand in the last three months, all beginning a half-century or more ago. A fourth now reads most intimately of all, perhaps because it is by a woman novelist ripe in years. Are lively women of mature years less cloyed, less inhibited, than men?

The first autobiography came out of England last year: Lord Macmillan's *Man of Law's Tale* (SATURDAY NIGHT, Jan. 24). This book barely comes under the category of literary autobiography but it is of the same Edwardian and neo-Georgian period. The second is the publisher Victor Gollancz's *My Dear Timothy*, the first part of his memoirs, speculative, retrospective (SATURDAY NIGHT, Jan. 17). The third is the vivid, vignette-packed autobiography of the Toronto-born American publisher George Doran (SATURDAY NIGHT, Jan. 17).

Miss Bottome's self-portrait gives to frankness veracity, to the personal pronoun a well-bred style, and to English letters and life fifty years ago a novelist's sensibility. It is a rare, good story of a life which commands respect, told with the vitality of fiction.

Phyllis Bottome is an English novelist who began to write after she was stricken with consumption at the age of nineteen. It was in the 1890's. (Dates are hard to reckon in her story.) Her urge for self-expression and her prodigious memory—which the autobiography documents—were both upon her then. So was her gift for human relationships and of understanding them. This book, the second in her autobiography, is of what she calls "the years of challenge", from adolescence to the early thirties.

How Miss Bottome met the challenge of her long years of frustrating illness, of love touched but beyond her physical grasp, and of the art of living and the writer's art to express it, are the substance of the book. The twilight of illness does not pale it but gives, rather, variety and luminosity to the settings as young Miss Bottome, on slender means and with one or another companion, seeks health by taking the airs of Switzerland, Germany and Italy according to the haphazard treatments then prescribed. It was all right for her to skate at Davos —if she could get out of bed—but she must not fall. How that miracle was to be accomplished by a beginner on skates, the doctor did not say.

Near the beginning of her uncertain convalescence on the Continent the author met and fell in reciprocated love with Ernan Forbes Dennis, a British tubercular patient almost cured. Several years after they had separated, Dennis helped to design and stage the Quebec Tercentenary celebrations (1908) and to launch Ivor Novello. They did not marry until 1917—when the book ends. It was a strange love affair. By then Miss Bottome had met her challenge, was cured and emerging as a celebrated authoress.

There are fascinating glimpses of her family, of the Edwardians from cosmopolitan Europe, and of literary figures, including the shocking young Ezra Pound. It is an intelligent, absorbing memoir.

T. J. A.

In Brief

THE WARRIOR SAINT—by R. V. C. Bodley—pp. 290 with bibliography and index—*McClelland & Stewart*—$4.50.

The strange story of Viscount Charles de Foucauld, insubordinate French soldier, voluptuary, hermit and Trappist monk—a brilliant, stubborn, noble egotist who lived for the flesh and then denied it. After Foucauld left the army by request (the presence in North Africa of his mistress, Mimi, was the immediate cause), he seemed drawn to the desert. He walked into the perilous Moroccan Rif and mapped it secretly for the French government. Then he became a hermit in Jerusalem, a monk, and finally a missionary in the vast Sahara where he gave himself up to the most arduous and excruciating duties for God and France.

Unlike former biographers, notably Rene Bazin, the author has given almost as much space to the sybarite as to the saint, a division which makes the reading more lively, and the paradox of Foucauld more comprehensible. His renunciation of the world appears as the understandable other side of "a character which no one but God ever succeeded in tempering."

This is a well-written, interesting book with the double appeal of worldly adventure and spiritual triumph. Recommended.

LIFE OF THE PAST—An Introduction to Paleontology—by George Gaylord Simpson —pp. 155 with appendix and index—illustrated—*Burns & MacEachern*—$5.00.

Not "popular" paleontology, but an introduction to that science sufficiently simple that it may be easily understood by the general reader. It is the story of plant and animal life through 20,000,000 years (give or take a million here or there), from the non-cellular "blob" to the most highly developed mammals.

The author, a curator at the American Museum of Natural History, writes clearly and with authority,

HAVE YOU EVER TRIED? Have you ever attempted even the least bit of training, under competent guidance?

Or have you been sitting back, as it is so easy to do, waiting for the day to come when you will awaken, all of a sudden, to the discovery, "I *am* a writer"?

If the latter course is the one of your choosing, you probably *never will write*. Lawyers must be law clerks. Doctors must be internes. Engineers must be draftsmen. We all know that, in our time, the egg does come before the chicken.

It is seldom that anyone becomes a writer until he (or she) has been writing for some time. That is why so many authors and writers spring up out of the newspaper business. The day-to-day necessity of writing—of gathering material about which to write—develops their talent, their insight, their background and their confidence as nothing else could.

That is why the Newspaper Institute of America bases its writing instruction on journalism—continuous writing—the training that has produced so many successful authors.

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Newspaper Institute training is based on the New York Copy Desk Method. It starts and keeps you writing in your own home, on your own time. Week by week you receive actual assignments, just as if you were right at work on a great metropolitan daily. Your writing is *individually* corrected and constructively criticized. Thoroughly experienced, practical, active writers are responsible for this instruction. Under such sympathetic guidance, you will find that (instead of vainly trying to copy someone else's writing tricks) you are rapidly developing your own distinctive, self-flavored style—undergoing an experience that has a thrill to it and which at the same time develops in you the power to make your feelings articulate.

Many people who *should* be writing become awestruck by fabulous stories about millionaire authors and, therefore, give little thought to the $25, $50 and $100 or more that can often be earned for material that takes little time to write — stories, articles on business, hobbies, travels, sports, news items, local, church and club activities, etc.—things that can easily be turned out in leisure hours, and often on the impulse of the moment.

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celebrating the exuberance of life—and deploring the durability of error in interpreting it. Highly recommended for anyone with an interest in the evolution of life; it should be obvious that believers in the Book of Genesis will not find Professor Simpson *simpatico*.

PATTERN FOR SUCCESSFUL LIVING—by Fred Pierce Corson—pp. 148—*Winston*—$3.25.

Twenty-six chapters on Life, from Life's Definition and Life's Destinations to Life's Master Plan and Life's Fixed Star. Would you lay aside your fears, gentle reader? Would you be sure, successful, serene? According to (Methodist) Bishop Corson, it all depends on your platitude.

THE CAVE AND THE ROCK—by Raoul C. Faure—pp. 276—*McLeod*—$4.00.

Raoul Faure, who writes with style, humor, imagination and at times a poetic quality, makes some satirical comment on mankind in this novel in which most of the characters are lizards. The young hero Frut is condemned to be eaten by Sarass the Snake for doubting the wisdom of the Sages, but he escapes from his native tableland to the Blue Cape. Cape society is classless; actions and thoughts are rational, everyone works, nobody fights, females are willing. For Frut, who wants his own mate and a quarrel once in a while, it is no fun.

The author's ideas on religion, politics and sex, like his animal device, are not new. But the novel is so well put together, so sophisticated and lively, that the lizard's eye view is one of the most entertaining of recent years.

SPADEWORK—by Sir Leonard Woolley—pp. 118 illustrated—*Ryerson*—$2.75.

Britain's renowned Woolley reminisces about his life work as an archeologist in England, Egypt, Italy and the Euphrates valley, and tells again briefly the story of Ur of the Chaldees to which he devoted a book which has been widely read. For those practical people who wonder what good can possibly come from digging up the past he repeats his credo: "We are all agreed that history has value for us today and for that reason it must be true history. If the facts be distorted the lessons drawn from them will be wrong. . ."

This is a book full of anecdote (T. E. Lawrence was an assistant on the "dig" at Carchemish) written in simple and beautiful prose; the modest and humorous style of the writer makes it a pleasure to read. First-rate.

AUTHENTIC LETTERS FROM UPPER CANADA—edited by Thomas Radcliff—pp. 190 with appendix—illustrations by Samuel Lover—*Macmillan*—$3.00.

Attention, collectors of literary Canadiana! Here is the first reprint since their publication in 1833 of the letters of two pioneer families of Upper Canada, the Magraths of Erindale and the Radcliffs of Adelaide. Vivid and humorous, they are full of information about the crossing, the journey to a new home, clearing the land, even costs for an immigrant from his departure from Liverpool till his arrival at York. Mrs. William Radcliff's letters to her father-in-law are charming; she deserves a place beside Anne Langton and Mrs. Moodie. A delightful beginning for the publisher's proposed series of "Pioneer Books."

SNIPS AND SNAILS—by Louise Baker—pp. 202—*McGraw-Hill*—$3.60.

When the determinedly bright young female narrator of this story gets a sandwich full in the face at a cocktail party, she returns the compliment with "Here's caviar in your eye!" The perfectly natural outcome for Miss Baker, (who gets into the most impossible situations, my dear, —she's a *scream*), is her appointment to the staff of a private school for boys. Though new at teaching, she's an old hand with a wisecrack, and punches them out tirelessly, relentlessly and sometimes wittily in her tale of the year's incidents and accidents at The Oaks. Smart stuff for juveniles fourteen to forty.

*THREE GREAT IRISHMEN: Shaw, Yeats, Joyce —by Arland Ussher—pp. 160—*Longmans, Green*—$2.50.

In somewhat choppy prose, a well-known critic makes some new and astute observations from what he calls "the continually shifting viewpoint". The arguments are worth attention, but references to each man's work are so numerous and so interwoven that only a reader well acquainted with all three will find the book profitable. Part of the profit is in the humor; the author is as witty as he is shrewd.

FAMOUS CANADIAN STORIES—by George E. Tait—pp. 312—illustrated — *McClelland & Stewart*—$3.00.

Seventy-odd short pieces about people and events important to Canada's story, ranging from early explorers in sailing ships to research scientists in today's laboratories. Through true dramatic incidents they tell the tale of the great expansion to the west, all with the personal flavor that has appealed to boys and girls since the first publication of the book; now, with the inclusion of uranium and the United Nations, this revised version is right up-to-date. Good for young Canadians and New Canadians.

THE ORIGINS OF ART—by Gene Weltfish—pp. 300 illustrated—*McClelland & Stewart* —$5.00.

When prehistoric man found that the symmetry of the flint hammer he had just made was pleasing to him, when the knots in the rush mat he was weaving fell into a pattern he liked and so transferred to his clay pots, when he began to elaborate on the crudely useful, then Art was born of Industry. This is the thesis of Dr. Weltfish's fine book, and it is developed with clarity, documented with archaeological and ethnological evidence and presented in an interesting, if faintly pedagogical, manner. Much of the material was gathered among primitive tribes of North American Indians, altogether twenty-seven years of planning and research went into the preparation of the book—a sum of thought and study which is evident to the reader, and staggering to the imagination of this reviewer.

One cannot praise too highly the line drawings; scores of them, all excellent. The printers also deserve our applause.

R. M. T.

Business

Protection Against Weather's Whims

By G. L. PRATT

AFTER THE last war, one of the insurance companies in the British Isles came out with a sort of parimutuel weather policy designed for vacationers. If a chosen holiday resort registered the average rainfall, or above average, for the period covered, the vacationer's policy paid him 7 or 8 to 1—a fair recompense for a few afternoons spent watching the rain from boarding house windows.

Britons went for this sketchy type of weather "protection" with much the same enthusiasm and wry gambling instinct as they had previously shown for Lloyds' "1,000 to 1 Scheme" (Air Raids and War Damage Coupon) during the blitz. But this innocuous vacation flutter on rain is not likely to be imitated by insurance companies in the New World.

Extremes of climate, elemental upheavals and meteorological phenomena foreign to the U.K. would make a penny-ante, cross-country gamble on rain a poor kind of poker game for insurance companies in Canada.

However, weather has not been neglected by the insurance companies in any part of the world. In fact, it was the main consideration in the decision of a group of Flemish merchants to issue the first marine insurance policies. That was in the early fourteenth century. Thus Weather Insurance, of a sea-going sort, antedated Fire Insurance by at least 350 years.

Since the Great Fire of London in 1666, developments sponsored mainly by insurance interests have lessened the peril of fire. But the wind still "bloweth where it listeth" and the rains still descend on just and unjust, on insured and uninsured, as they did in A.D. 1310.

For operators of highly vulnerable amusement parks and drive-in theatres, for farmers, agricultural societies and a host of other people, the vagaries of the weather can spell lost resources, lost income.

Policyholders in Sarnia, Flint, Mich., and Worcester, Mass., know the value of weather insurance when the elements run amok. Out West too, Red River and Fraser Valley people do not consider flood cover for cars "just a frill" any more; they have been through the weather mill.

Insurance companies offer two Blue Plate Specials involving weather protection, that go a long way towards solving the average man's problem: "Supplemental Perils" and "Miscellaneous Coverages", provided as extras with fire and auto insurance respectively. Cost of the extras is nominal in both cases — as little as 5c per $100 coverage for three years where the fire policy is extended, a dollar or two annually for the auto.

Of seven separate perils covered by the five-cent "Supplemental" package, three have to do with weather. They are: windstorm (including cyclone and tornado), hail and lightning.

Among the seven "Miscellaneous Coverages"—which *altogether* cost less than one unpretentious restaurant meal per annum—the family auto gets protection against four distinct hazards connected with weather and other "acts of God". They are: windstorm (including tornado), hail, earthquake and flood.

Despite summertime news items recording the vicious bombardment of some community by hail, plenty of people still scoff at the inclusion of hail protection in the Supplemental and Miscellaneous Coverages sold with fire and automobile insurance. Apart from the regularly tracked hail storm areas of Western Canada, where meteorological research had fitted the incidence of hail to topography, the fact remains that few areas are immune from freak visitations of destructive hail.

No one who has ever dashed for shelter from a five-minute ordeal by ice—in pelting, 1½ oz. chunks—is likely to laugh off the potentialities of hail for leaving havoc in its train. Even a brief storm can leave behind it a trail of debris: shattered glass; roofing ripped every which way; ruined signs; pockmarked automobiles; and, pervading everything, the unforgettable, sickly-sweet stench of lush vegetation battered into hot, ice-packed earth. Which brings up another highly important class of weather coverage: hail insurance on growing crops.

Farmers—mainly in the grain-growing Prairies, but also in eastern tobacco belts and BC's interior orchard regions—laid something like $8 million on the line for hail insurance premiums in 1952. They spent this large sum to protect not only their investment (seed, fertilizer, labor and so on) but also their hopes for a harvest.

Because of this, and because in certain Western areas that lie in known hail lanes the odds on hail *not* falling are so unattractive that policyholders must carry the first 10 per cent or 25 per cent of their own risk, hail insurance is relatively high-priced. But the ascending cost scale of weather protection is topped by rain, the most humdrum hazard of all.

Rain insurance commands the highest "weather" premiums of the lot, from the viewpoint of actual time that a policy remains in effect. It must be understood at the outset that a rain policy has nothing to do with physical damage caused by rainstorm; it protects against loss of income or of money expended on events which depend on freedom from rain for success. Any organization that stands to lose money if rain discourages attendance at some event it is promoting can buy insurance against such a contingency. This insurance takes effect a specified number of hours (half a day, four hours, three hours) prior to the event and extends either to its conclusion or to some stated time or juncture that occurs earlier, related to the nature of the activity (*e.g.*, it is usual to terminate covering for baseball games at the end of the fifth inning).

HERE in broad outline is how rain insurance works:

Coverage is written to fit the individual case, providing indemnity for fixed expenses, income or an agreed percentage of gross profit expectancy, each or severally. Special forms are written for "big gate" outdoor events that involve advance sale of tickets subject to refund if there is specified rainfall on the day in question.

Pay-off under a rain policy is predicated on registered precipitation, usually 1/20th, 1/10th or 1/5th of an inch, recorded at the location within the policy period. The less rainfall insured against, the higher the premium.

Insurance companies tailor their rates for rain insurance with precipitation maps in front of them. British Columbia's shoreline, for example, obviously calls for shorter odds—higher premiums—than does the province's semi-arid interior. Rain rates are understandably variable across Canada and may run all the way from 1:10 to 1:2.

So the drive-in theatre expecting a full house on Saturday night, and the Women's Auxiliary fearful of being left with $200 worth of unused hamburgers, ice cream and other goodies on its annual picnic, can both buy tailored Rain Insurance ahead of time and stave off the red ink. But they must arrange this insurance business beforehand. Weather forecasting being a little more accurate now, insurance companies require that the signed application forms for rain insurance (as well as payment of the full premium) be in hand seven days before the effective coverage date.

The best possible advice to those charged with not losing money on undertakings that require fine weather, is that they lay all their cards, face up, on a responsible insurance man's desk at least a month before events are scheduled. Thus, unhurried study and discussion will result in proper coverage, thorough understanding—and freedom from fear of rainout.

Insurance cannot engineer fair weather, but it can and does provide a suitable financial shelter for those whose assets or aspirations are exposed to Nature's whims.

Wide World Photo

***INSURANCE** can provide suitable financial shelter for those who are exposed to Nature's violence. The photo above shows an example of what two minutes of cyclonic weather did in Sarnia, Ontario.*

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THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of thirty cents (30c) per share has been declared on the no par value common shares of the Company for the quarter ending June 30, 1953 payable August 25, 1953 to shareholders of record July 15, 1953.

By Order of the Board,
J. L. T. MARTIN,
Secretary.

Montreal, June 22, 1953.

CANADIAN INVESTMENT FUND

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Error in Analysis

THE ANALYSIS of Dominion Steel and Coal Corp. (June 27) was completely in error, being based on wrong figures. The figures used in the analysis were those of the subsidiary Dominion Coal Co., which showed a net loss for the last fiscal year of $3,845,925. The consolidated income account of Dominion Steel and Coal for 1952 showed that net earnings were $4,197,876, or $2.02 per share, as compared with $5,453,832, or $2.62 per share, in 1951.

The reduction in earnings, as President L. A. Forsyth stated, were attributable to increases in costs of labor and materials and the delay in the installation of new facilities at the Wabana iron mines.

The consolidated income account does not show the Dominion Coal or Truscon Steel Co. accounts.

We regret any difficulties or embarrassment the error may have caused.

Red Bark Mines

I HAVE *been getting some hot tips to buy Red Bark Mines at 35 cents. Do you think it's a good buy?—K. K., Toronto.*

We note that the underwriter has options on large blocks of stock at prices from 15 to 30 cents. We also note that no development work has been done on the claims. Thus purchase of the stock here is a straight bet upon the ability of the underwriter to make a market in the stock. The merits of the property are anyone's guess. In our opinion it is not a buy.

M & O Paper

WOULD YOU *please advise me regarding Minnesota and Ontario Paper Company? I purchased the stock at 26½ some years ago. Now after reading some disturbing newspaper reports, I am concerned over the possibility of losing my dividends. Should I hold the stock or sell it?—C.E.McV., Toronto.*

From the statements issued by the company, which show earnings of $4.06 per share for 1952 and first quarter earnings of $1 per share, there appears little likelihood of the present dividend rate of $2 per share being reduced at the present time.

Net sales improved from $58,403,589 in 1951 to a record $63,380,361 in 1952, and the first quarter shows sales increased from $14,695,793 in 1952 to $15,971,625 this year.

Although the demand for woodpulp is less and pulp prices have fallen considerably, the demand for newsprint has continued high. Consumption of newsprint in the United States shows an increase in the January-May period of 3.5%, with 2,575,266 tons being used against 2,487,821 tons in the same period of 1952.

In the long view, newsprint demand is very stable and increases directly with the growth of the population. With the United States adding population at the rate of more than a million per year, the outlook for the paper industry is good.

The stable action of paper stocks during the recent sharp declines in the stock markets reflects the best appraisal of all at this time and we can see no reason why you should sell your stock now.

Monarch Knitting

WOULD IT *be possible for you to give some information on The Monarch Knitting Co., Ltd. The shares have gone down considerably and it has made me wonder if I should keep a 4¾% bond or try to sell it.—I. M., Milton, Ont.*

As your bond is protected by a sinking fund provision and has for security a first floating charge upon all the assets of the company, which amounts to a first mortgage, your capital is quite safe.

The company has revised its operations considerably, with a new cotton spinning plant at Ajax, Ont., and transference of the knitting and sewing operations to Dunnville, Ont. This should place the firm in a better position to compete for business in the present depressed markets for textile products.

B.C. Forest Products

I BOUGHT *BC Forest Products at 8½. Would you think it advisable to sell and take a loss?—H. S., Montreal.*

In view of the improvement in earnings to 46.7 cents per share for the half year ending March 31 from the 31.4 cents reported in 1952, it appears that the current dividend rate of 40 cents can be maintained. As this rate gives a yield of 7½% at the present price of 5⅜, it appears that the stock is in a good position to recover after the long decline from the 1951 high of 10¼ to the low of 4.60. Given a general market advance, the recovery could be extended to about 8.

Canadian Southern Oils

I HAVE *shares of Canada Southern Oils that I received from conversion of some debentures. These cost me 10½. Do you recommend holding these shares?—N. C., Toronto.*

The March-June decline, which brought the stock from the March high of 12½ down to 8½, has been halted at the well-tried support level above 8. It would appear that a recovery to about 11 is possible.

From the longer view, the stock does not appear to be too attractive as an investment at this time. With

much of the oil reserves of the heavy oil type, for which there is only a limited market, long term prospects are dependent on the installation of new refining facilities that will handle the heavy crudes of the Coleville area. The cost of this, and the present costs of exploration and development, may make further financing necessary, either in the form of additional debentures or the issuance of part of the 3.6 million shares remaining in the treasury.

This suggests that the stock is a hold for a short term recovery only.

Beaver Lodge

WHAT IS *your opinion as to the future prospects of Beaver Lodge Uranium Mines?—D. T. L., Nelson, BC.*

The company appears to be well financed and holds a group of claims roughly a mile and a half from the Ace shaft of Eldorado Mines. Preliminary work has revealed some uranium values but what the property contains is a subject for guesswork. Only a very extensive diamond drilling campaign will disclose whether commercial ore is present. At this stage the stock must be considered as a speculation only.

Abitibi Paper

WOULD YOU *kindly advise me as to the prospects of Abitibi Pulp and Paper Co. Ltd? I bought it at 22 and now it is about 13. Would you advise buying more to offset the loss at 22 or would it be better to sell out and take my loss and invest in some more promising company? — L. Mc. N., Toronto.*

Despite a difficult year, 1952 earnings were $2.02 per share, and appear to be maintained this year. The present dividend of $1 seems assured. As this provides a yield of 7.7%, it appears that the stock has bottomed out here. Selling is not advised; a recovery to about 16 is possible.

Bralorne Mines

WHAT IS *your opinion of Bralorne as a speculation at its present price of 4?—J.C.O., Edmonton.*

With the dividend suspended as a result of higher operating costs and lower income, Bralorne does not appear to be an attractive vehicle for speculation at the present time. The recent low of 3.80 has been reached after a long decline from the 1945 high of 19½. This is the lowest price recorded for the stock since 1933.

The outlook for gold mining shows no signs of improvement, and unless there is a sudden (and surprising) decision to increase the price of gold, the prospects of a capital gain here seem very dim.

Canadian Celanese

WOULD YOU *consider Canadian Celanese a good investment at the present market price of 32? What is your opinion of its long range value?—C. R. M., Semans, Sask.*

The present difficulties that all Canadian textile manufacturers are facing, due to over-capacity and the dumping of American textiles on the Canadian market, do not make textile stocks attractive at the present time.

The broad decline in Celanese, which has brought the stock to a new low of 29½ from the 1951 high of 68, is apparently forecasting a reduction in the dividend. The 1952 earnings of $2.41 per common share just covered the dividend of $2.40.

Should the dividend revert to the 1949 rate of $1.55, it seems likely that the stock will fall back into the 19-29¾ trading range it occupied then. From the long term view, with textile over-capacity promising to be a chronic condition for a while, the stock does not appear to be a long-pull buy until the downtrend is completed. Possibly around 22.

Tungsten Corporation

WILL YOU *please say what, in your opinion, are the prospects of Tungsten Corporation of Canada? Would it be advisable to hold in anticipation of a long-term rise?—A.S., Niagara Falls.*

Due to the difficulties the company has encountered at its tungsten property in the Yellowknife area, where milling had to be halted due to high costs, and its recent venture into the Bancroft area of Ontario, where 17 claims were acquired, it is difficult to consider this stock as anything but a speculation.

The recovery from the low of 17 to the recent price of 31 seems to be a product of speculative market action, and it is suggested that profits be taken.

In Brief

KINDLY GIVE *your opinion on Lavalie Mines. How is its financial standing? Is it worth accumulating?—A.A., Montreal.*

At last report the company had $45,000 cash. Accumulation is not recommended.

I HAVE *a holding of Consolidated Peak Oil shares. Would you advise selling it now?—W. S. T., Toronto.*

With reported reserves of 7,370,000 barrels of heavy crude and 136,000 barrels of light crude and net income from production running at a rate of $11,000 per month, the stock appears undervalued. We suggest you hold your stock.

WOULD YOU *have any information on Yukon Mines? Is any work being done there?—B.B., Woodstock, Ont.*

Last reports indicated diamond drilling was to be done on silver-lead showings in the Idaho Hill area this year; no results reported.

WOULD YOU *consider Model Oils an attractive buy at this time?*
—R. G., Vancouver

No.

Subscribers requesting information from Gold & Dross are asked to limit their queries to one company. We cannot undertake to review lists of stocks.

W. P. S.

Watching Your Investments

Successful investors not only select securities carefully in the first place, but continually check prevailing economic and investment conditions to see that their holdings are still appropriate.

Investors wishing to keep in touch with investments will find our June "Review and Securities List" useful. The list contains quotations for 75 important Canadian Government and Corporation security issues, together with a review of current business conditions.

A copy of our June "Review" will be forwarded gladly on request to any of our offices.

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DAVIS LEATHER COMPANY LIMITED

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND

Notice is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of 37½c per share has been declared on the outstanding Class A shares of this Company, payable September 1, 1953, to shareholders of record at the close of business on August 15, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

KENNETH C. BENNINGTON,
Secretary.

Newmarket, Ontario,
June 5, 1953.

W. A. MATHER: Working with the railroad.

Who's Who in Business

EVERYTHING ABOUT the Canadian Pacific Railway Company is enormous. Its size and growth would justify even the superlatives of Hollywood, which makes the gigantic commonplace and knows nothing smaller than colossal.

CPR's assets, according to last year's annual report, are worth almost $2 billion; its communication system in Canada alone uses nearly 200,000 miles of wire; its 1952 payroll (including 13,000 pensioners) was $297 million; and its worldwide operations, through the subsidiary companies, take planes to Alaska, ships to Yokohama and cables to every point that can be reached by enterprise or electricity.

William Allan Mather, a stocky (5 feet 8½ ins., 180 lbs.) engineer, who since 1948 has headed the 72-year-old company, has in some respects always been ahead of it. He was born at Oshawa on September 12, 1885 — just seven weeks before the CPR's last spike was driven at Craigellachie, BC, fulfilling the early dream of a railroad "from sea to sea." And when he was a college student, he worked during the summer with a construction gang in the Kenora-Winnipeg area, felling trees and clearing the way for the expanding company's double track.

Four years after this summer work, Bill Mather joined CPR in the engineering department, became resident engineer at Winnipeg in 1910, Superintendent at Kenora and Medicine Hat and, by the close of World War I, was General Superintendent of the big Saskatchewan district.

Up to this time, his job had been a comparatively uncomplicated one, limited in its application and easily definable. But from May, 1933, when he became Assistant to the Vice-president, the emphasis shifted from the operation of trains to the wider task of administration—and helping to secure a satisfactory return for the company on its huge investment.

With a company of CPR's size, this has been a formidable task, particularly during the postwar trend of steadily increasing labor and material costs. But since taking office in 1948 the new President has trimmed fixed charges—for example, rent on leased roads and interest on funded debt—by $3.3 million, increased both traffic volume and trade rates, and kept expenses down by means of diesel locomotives and other technological advances.

Last year the CPR carried 10 million passengers, the Canadian Pacific Air Lines and Steamships (he is chairman of both companies) a quarter of a million. It is no wonder that figures come easily to the engineer who still keeps a slide rule in his presidential desk.

Away from that desk, he likes to shoot, fish and golf ("my score is consistently bad") and has the typical hunter's appetite for good food—with rare roast beef and Yorkshire pudding a particular favorite.

Inevitably, other demands are made on his time; he is Honorary President of the Navy League of Canada, a Director of the Canadian Forestry Association and a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Two Honorary Doctorates have been conferred upon him in recent

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THE SHAWINIGAN WATER AND POWER COMPANY

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of fifty cents (50c) per share on the Series "A" 4% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares and a dividend of fifty-six and one quarter cents (56¼c) on the Series "B" 4½% Cumulative Redeemable Preferred Shares of the Company have been declared for the quarter ending September 30, 1953 payable October 2, 1953 to shareholders of record September 2, 1953.

By Order of the Board.

J. L. T. MARTIN,
Secretary.

Montreal, June 22, 1953.

Certificate of Registry No. C 1414 has been issued authorizing The Victory Insurance Company Limited of London, England, to transact in Canada the business of Real Property Insurance, in addition to Fire Insurance, Inland Transportation Insurance, Personal Property Insurance, and, in addition thereto, Civil Commotion Insurance, Earthquake Insurance, Falling Aircraft Insurance, Hail Insurance, Impact by Vehicles Insurance, Limited or Inherent Explosion Insurance, Sprinkler Leakage Insurance, Water Damage Insurance and Windstorm Insurance, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of Fire Insurance of the company, for which it is already registered, limited to the business of reinsurance only. V. R. Willemson has been appointed Chief Agent.

BURNS & CO. LIMITED

Dividend Notice

The third quarterly dividend of 50c a share on Class "A" and "B" shares of Burns & Co. Limited will be paid on July 29th, 1953, to all shareholders of record as of July 8th, 1953.

National Trust Company Limited is the Transfer Agent with offices at Toronto, Winnipeg, Calgary and Vancouver.

BURNS & CO. LIMITED,
R. J. Dinning,
President.

years—Doctor of Laws and Doctor of Civil Law from the University of Western Ontario and Bishop's College, respectively.

He was married in 1925 and has two children, a married son, David, working as an engineer at Kapaskasing, and Jane, a McGill graduate.

For success, he has his own recipe: "If any young fellow asked me, I would tell him to concentrate on learning everything in connection with his work so that his superiors come to him when they want anything done."

JOHN WILCOCK

•

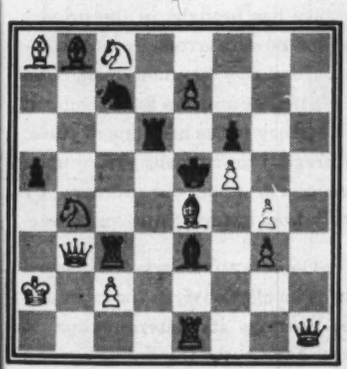
Chess Problem

CLASSIFICATION of half-pin problems is fundamentally a very simple matter. They may be divided according to the direction of the line of pin, the kind of black pieces that constitute the half-pin pair, and their respective distances from the black King on that line. Alain White mentions 235 possibilities for the lateral matrix and 116 for the diagonal, besides the different sub-relationships where black Pawns are involved and the line of pin is changed from the vertical to the horizontal, or from above the black King to below him on the board.

Half-pins are also divided into the heterogeneous type in which they are different. Generally, heterogeneous half-pinners are the most complex.

Problem No. 21, by G. C. Alvey.

Black—Eight Pieces.



White—Thirteen Pieces.
White to play and mate in two.

Many elements have been combined with half-pin two-movers. Our Alvey example above presents the two types mentioned with a number of special features, and is perhaps the finest specimen extant. Generally simple half-pinning play is mostly retained where two or more pairs of half-pinned pieces are combined, as in the following by B. Malmstrom, where no less than six black pieces are half-pinned:

White: K on QR7; Q on KB2; Rs on QR4 and KR4; Bs on QKt2 and KR1; Kts on Q1 and K7; Ps on Q2, Q6 and K2. Black: K on K5; Q on KKt5; Rs on QB5 and KKt7; B on KB5; Kts on QKt5 and KB6; Ps on QB3 and Q2. Mate in two.

Key-move 1.Q-B5, waiting. The complete half-pin mates follow RxQ, Kt-Q6, RxP any, BxP (7) and Q-Kt4.

Solution of Problem No. 20

1.R-QB5, Kt6; 2.R-B1, Kt any or KxKt; 3.R-B1 mate. 1.R-QB5, B-Kt6; 2.R-B6, B any or KxKt; 3.R-B2 or B6 mate accordingly. 1.R-QB5, KxKt; 2.R-B3ch, K-B5; 3.R-B4 mate.

Solution of F. S. Ensor's restricted Qs fantasy is: 1.Q-K1 (or B1); 2.Q-KR1; 3.Q (R1)-Kt1; 4.Q (Kt1)-B1; 5.Q (QB1)-K1; 6.Q-R1ch; 7.Q (K1)-Kt1 mate. Black's moves are all forced. "CENTAUR."

Cult of the Mediocre

We like the little undisturbing things,
The trivial platitude, the kindly lie:
Not the stark truth that cuts and sears and stings,
Hurting to heal, dwarfing to magnify.
Greatness is suspect; we from grandeur turn
As from a taint, to breathe a heavier air;
For ecstasy exhausts, God's fires burn,
And comfortable dullness is our prayer.
The prophet who declares God's holiness,
Our falling from His glory and His grace
Is still unpopular, we rather press
About the one who saves our sordid face.
And though mob violence we now decry,
We stop our ears while they shout: Crucify!

GRACE IRWIN

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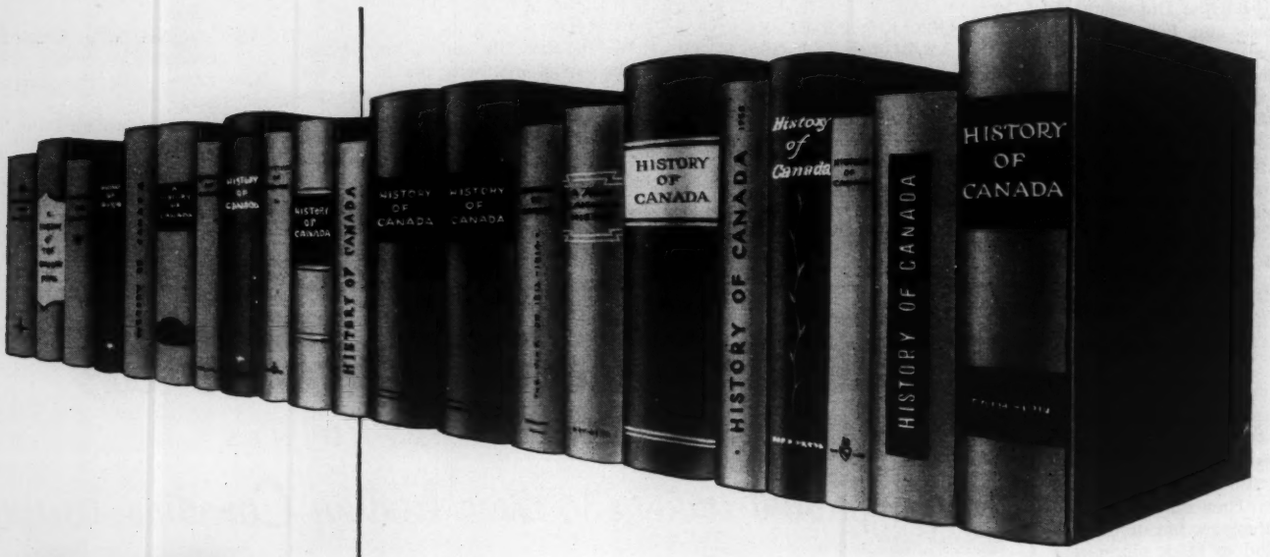


"the record speaks"

A FEW PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE ACHIEVEMENTS "for Canada"

- Confederation
- Acquisition of Canadian West
- First Immigration Act
- North West Mounted Police
- Canadian Pacific Railway
- Uniform and Universal Male Franchise
- Modern Banking System
- Civil Service Commission
- Canadian Control of Foreign Policy
- First Recognition of Trade Unions
- First Labour Man as Labour Minister
- Compensation for Federal Employees
- Canadian National Railways
- Principle of Old Age Pensions
- Votes for Women
- Veterans' Benefits and Pensions
- Diplomatic Representation Abroad
- National Housing Act
- Farm Marketing Act
- Canadian Travel Bureau
- Canadian Radio Broadcasting Commission
- Canadian Wheat Board
- Recognition of Federal Responsibility to Unemployed
- Bank of Canada

SINCE 1867 the Progressive Conservative Party has played a decisive role in shaping the destiny of Canada.

"Our aim," said Sir John Macdonald almost a hundred years ago, "should be to enlarge the bounds of our party so as to embrace every person desirous of being counted as a progressive Conservative and who will join us in a series of measures to put an end to the corruption which has ruined the present government . . ."

The Progressive Conservative party has adhered unbrokenly to this creed of its founder: has been the instrument through which Canada has made its greatest material and social gains, inspiring and initiating most of those things which comprise the best of our Canadian way of life.

The Progressive Conservative Party makes proud claim to such achievements as the first recognition of labour's right to organize, acceptance of the principle of old age and other pensions, the appointment of the first trade union man as Minister of Labour, the establishment of unemployment insurance, of federal assistance for housing, of aid to the provinces and municipalities for relief of unemployment.

The Progressive Conservative Party brought into being—in the teeth of violent opposition from opponents—the Canadian Pacific Railway, welding together our weak and scattered Provinces, and in later years took the measures which resulted in the Canadian National Railways, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, the flying fields of the Trans-Canada Airways, the Bank of Canada, and the public ownership of hydro.

Now comes a time of crisis in our public life. Too long hold on office has brought to the present Government a lust for power, arrogance and complacency, aloofness from the common man, contempt for the people's representatives in Parliament, carelessness and inefficiency in the handling of public monies, a callous disregard for burdens placed upon our people, and especially upon our workers, by taxes resulting largely from extravagance and waste.

The Progressive Conservative Party, challenged by such evil, reaffirms its old beliefs in the trust and integrity of office; re-states its determination to restore efficiency and honesty to the public service; pledges itself to restore the supremacy of Parliament and to reduce those unnecessary taxes which mean, for so many, want and distress amid plenty.

To all who believe that all is not well in the conduct of affairs at Ottawa, and that a quarter of a century is too long for rule by a single party, the Progressive Conservative Party brings reminder that it is the only party through which remedial action may be obtained and that it stands prepared and equipped to resume its historic role of rescuing Canada from crisis.

In conviction that our duty is clear and urgent at this hour, we ask your support and counsel in the task that lies ahead.

the Progressive Conservative party of Canada

Women

Rouchon, Paris

EVENING elegance in a wild mink stole, created by Max Reby, Paris.

Conversation Pieces:

SOLOISTS and songs we would like to have on records: Sault Ste. Marie-born Doreen Hulme, singing *I Love That Man For Sure,* as heard in last week's production by the CBC of the Canadian musical, *Bonanza;* Conrad Thibault, singing *C'est Magnifique,* from the New York hit, *Can-Can,* as he did in his recent night-club premiere in Montreal; James Hawthorne, Peterborough-born U.S. success, singing *When You Walk in the Room,* from *Up in Central Park,* as he sang it in his first professional appearance back home in Canada, with Toronto's Melody Fair.

If you are single, travelling on the continent, and want to be left alone, there is advice for you in Florence Teets's *She's Going Abroad* (Smithers and Bonellie): "Borrow your grandmother's diamond and wear it on your third finger, left hand. An engaged girl is 'off limits' to most European men."

Vancouver has a girl on a polo team. She is Audrey Stevens, and she hopes that next July she will be playing with or against the Duke of Edinburgh, when he comes to the city for the British Empire Games.

The new movie, *Melba,* should remind you that melba toast and peach melba (is it still served?) were named in honor of the great diva.

New officers: Dr. Marjorie Bennett, of Winnipeg, elected President of the Federation of Medical Women of Canada; Mrs. Ryrie Smith, of Toronto, elected President of the national council YWCA of Canada; Mrs. D. Cargill Southam, re-elected President of the Montreal branch of the National Ballet Guild of Canada; Emma Bothwell, of Ottawa, installed as President of the Rebekah Assembly branch, IOOF Grand Lodge of Ontario.

London, England, reports interest in jet—not the airborne kind, but the 19th-century popular jewellery. Necklace and earring sets that combine jet with crystal are dramatic.

A bulletin from the Department of National Health and Welfare: breakfast should consist of one-third of the whole day's nourishment.

Lynn Hilton, of Vancouver, is the first woman elected to the council of the BC Pharmaceutical Association.

We are hearing a lot about the new textile substance, Pellon. It is a smooth interfacing that was developed in Europe and is now being used everywhere. Looking like a cross between kidskin and velvet, Pellon is a blend of pure wool or rayon fibres, fused into a fabric. It is used to keep a sleeve or a bow crisp and flaring, or a skirt in a bouffant shape.

To set her hair, Cleopatra used a heavy application of Nile River mud, pinning the curls into place with a polished stick.

Weddings: Sylvia Ruth Mackenzie, daughter of Dr. Chalmers Jack Mackenzie, former chairman of the National Research Council, Ottawa, to Dr. Stanley Mercer, formerly of Belfast, Northern Ireland; Margaret Anne Ness, granddaughter of the Hon. R. R. Ness, MPP, of Howick, Que., to Murray R. Warnica, of Barrie, Ont.; Jean Margaret Johnson, daughter of Air Marshal G. O. Johnson, of Ottawa, to Frank John Wright, of Toronto; Elizabeth Bell-Irving, daughter of Air Commodore A. D. Bell-Irving, of Vancouver, to Diarmuid O'Cadlaigh, of Dublin, Ireland.

Ann Sharp, of Lookout Point, Ont., is the new Ontario Ladies' Golf champion. Last year's winner, Marlene Stewart, was not present to defend her title, being busy winning laurels in Britain.

Why is it that summer dresses always look so much more alike than do winter coats?

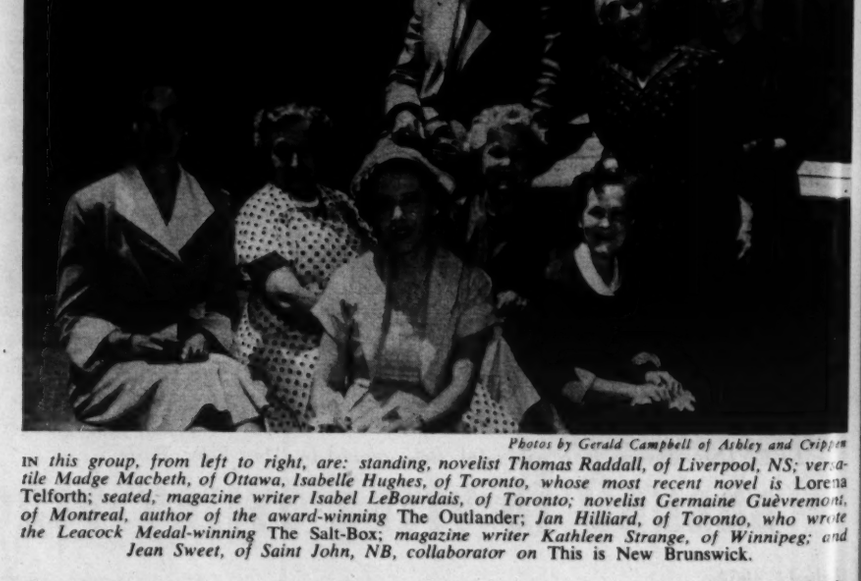
SUZANNE BUTLER *(left), of Ottawa, whose novel* My Pride, My Folly, *is the July selection of the Doubleday Dollar Book Club, and poetess Amabel King, of Toronto.*

Canadian Authors in Convention

FROM *left to right: Josephine Phelan, of Toronto, author of* The Ardent Exile; *short story writer Vinia Hoogstraten, of Winnipeg; Maida Parlow French, of Toronto, who wrote* Boughs Bend Over; *magazine writer Olive Staebler, of Kitchener, Ont.*

MARJORIE WILKINS CAMPBELL *(left), of Toronto, author of* Ontario; *prolific writer Frances Shelley Wees, who has just finished a new novel at her usual breakneck speed; Marjorie Freeman Campbell (right), of Hamilton, author of* Holbrook of the San.

WRITERS *of children's books: (below) left to right, Olive Knox, of Winnipeg; Marie McPhedran, of Toronto, latest winner of the Governor-General's award in this field; and Mary Grannan, of Toronto, of* Just Mary *fame.*



Photos by Gerald Campbell of Ashley and Crippen

IN *this group, from left to right, are: standing, novelist Thomas Raddall, of Liverpool, NS; versatile Madge Macbeth, of Ottawa, Isabelle Hughes, of Toronto, whose most recent novel is* Lorena Telforth; *seated, magazine writer Isabel LeBourdais, of Toronto; novelist Germaine Guèvremont, of Montreal, author of the award-winning* The Outlander; *Jan Hilliard, of Toronto, who wrote the Leacock Medal-winning* The Salt-Box; *magazine writer Kathleen Strange, of Winnipeg; and Jean Sweet, of Saint John, NB, collaborator on* This is New Brunswick.

JOAN RIGBY

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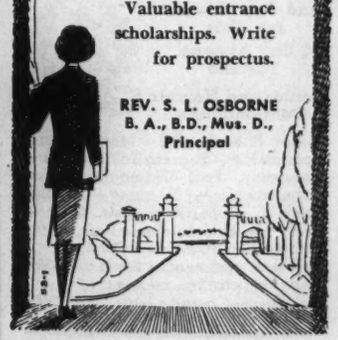


Food

SUMMER is salad time. We asked a few of the women at the Canadian Authors' meeting in Toronto what they liked in the way of a salad and if they had any special recipe for salad dressing. We pass along some of the combinations.

Sea food was a popular choice. Marjorie Wilkins Campbell and Jan Hilliard are partial to lobster salads. Mrs. Campbell makes a dressing for hers of equal portions of "Miracle Whip" and catsup. Miss Hilliard uses an ordinary dressing, but doubles the quantity of mustard. "It adds a zip."

Marjorie Freeman Campbell prefers shrimps and salad greens. Her dressing for the greens: ½ cup chili sauce whipped into 1 cup boiled dressing. Another dressing for greens comes from Jean Sweet, who combines lemon juice and oil (twice as much lemon), with a little sugar, a pinch of thyme and salt.

Madge Macbeth likes an avocado salad, with Russian dressing, to which she adds, in the cooking stage, three drops of soya sauce and a little Tarragon vinegar. Frances Shelley Wees says she would prefer not to eat at all in the summer, and just live on iced coffee. But since that is not practical, she eats greens but just with Tarragon vinegar, no dressing.

A fruit salad was Amabel King's choice. She makes a special dressing, with 1 tbsp. mayonnaise, 1 tsp. lemon juice, ½ tsp. sugar and about ¼ tsp. salt. She beats them with a fork until they are well mixed. Portions are for two people.

Not a salad, but just plain tomatoes, is the favorite hot weather fare of Kathleen Strange. She prefers them in the French way, with a chopped parsley garnish. Incidentally, Mrs. Strange flew back from Paris just in time for the convention.

Isabelle Hughes avoids salads — they give her indigestion. She prefers warm food, and a favorite dish is "Porcupine," in which minced beef and raw rice are cooked together and served with tomato sauce.

Nothing to do with salads, but interesting as an appetizer, was the cold drink that Isabel LeBourdais mentioned. She mixes equal amounts of tomato and orange juice.

MARGARET NESS

• •

X Marks The Spot

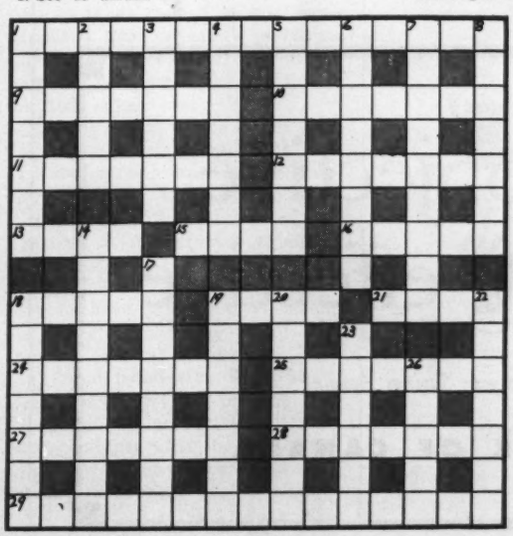
BY LOUIS AND DOROTHY CRERAR

ACROSS

1. Where M.P.s take refuge? (9, 6)
9, 25. Certainly not Bennett and Churchill. (7, 7)
10. I'm in reverse, but keep mum about it. (7)
11. Rain of abuse. (7)
12. Pardon me if I do, Mr. Buttinsky. (7)
13. Minister of the Interior? (4)
15. As a matter of taste, the dance loses nothing. (4)
16. Shift gears. (5)
18. It might be easy as pie to get this color. (5)
19, 1 down. Such a State we're all in! (4, 7)
21. He went to the country, but never sketched. (4)
24. Oodles 'n' oodles in the soup. (7)
25. See 9
27. A bridge for the army? (7)
28. Is the minister of this always "high"? (7)
29. It was logical that this placed Ike in the House. (7, 8)

DOWN

1. See 19 across.
2. But it wasn't Love's that lost the last 29 in Britain. (5)
3. Paradoxically they hope to win 9 votes in the coming 29. (6)
4. Get drunk on this? Only on stage! (4, 3)
5. A Pilgrim's Progress by Bunion? (7)
6. For them no rest as a governing 19 across. (8)
7. By this dairy product, one might imagine the Oder flows through this Belgian Province. (9)
8. Working parts of the 19 across—the 1 down al 19 across. (7)
14. This should cause a boom in defence production. (9)
17. Just tumble? On the contrary it's an exhibition. (4, 4)
18. What your purse may become at the beach. (7)
19. Though eighteenth century, he has only lately emerged as a second Pepys. (7)
20. Grosvenor was, willow willow waly. (7)
22. In the direction of Parliament's Social Credit? (7)
23. Acid of 4. (6)
26. It's surprising that in this state you and I get on, by the sound of it. (5)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

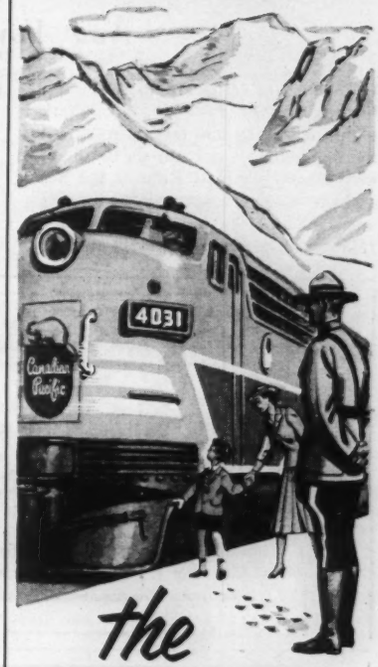
1. See 31
5. See 32
9. See 31
10. Pellet
11. Befell
12. Elevator
13, 18, 23. Eye-dropper
14. Edison
17. Yank
18. See 13
21, 5 down. Butterfingers
23. See 13
26. Startled
28. Dropsy
29. Bullet
30. Lovelier
31, 1, 9. What goes up must come down
32, 5 across. Riding for a fall

DOWN

2. Progeny
3. Uneven
4. Troll
5. See 21
6. Rupee
7. Fallacy
8. Lie down
15. Dub
16. Née
19. Retouch
20. Partlet
22. Toddles
24. Epstein
25. Boiled
27. Lotto
28. Diver

(269)

VISIT THE ROCKIES



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Films

Now Voyager!

DO YOU TOO can learn to sail!

In *Never Let Me Go,* Clark Gable learns in ten easy lessons. At the beginning of the course, he didn't even know the First Rule of the Sea (which is, never spit to windward) and could hardly tell a spar from a ratline. However, by merely making use of his spare time from newspaper work, he is able before long to take his little craft across the Channel, and then in a raging gale through the North Sea, the Baltic and up the Gulf of Finland to the port of Tallinn. In case you are interested, he is dressed for these exercises in slacks, a yachting cap and a turtle-neck sweater. He looks resolute, mature, and wonderful.

The North Sea gale isn't the worst thing he encounters, naturally. Just off the Red-held coast his little craft is boarded by Soviet investigators, who are curious to know what he is up to. He gets out of this difficulty by drinking the boarding party under the table, and at this point the picture supplies a handy hint for anyone who may find himself in the same predicament. You simply take a preliminary drink of something that coats the stomach lining and prevents the vodka from penetrating. Unfortunately, the studio neglects to supply the formula for this preventative, but I imagine that it is something like a quick-drying shellac.

I realize that so far I seem to have left out the main body of the plot. "Just mail it anyway and send the body later," Groucho Marx once advised under similar circumstances. I feel, however, that this would be unfair to the reader, so let's dig our way a little further into script. The reason that Clark Gable is cruising about the Baltic coast-line is this: he hopes to rescue his bride, a Russian ballerina (Gene Tierney) from the clutch of the Kremlin. She, it seems, is playing a one-night stand in Tallinn, and the plan is to have her duck out after the final curtain, throw herself into the Gulf of Finland and just swim out till she meets up with Clark Gable, a prospect that could stimulate even a poor swimmer.

Something goes wrong, however, and he has to go ashore to rescue her—a plan that is immensely complicated by the fact that the ballet performance is a full-dress affair, and Hero Gable is wearing nothing but his under-pants. He gets round this by pinching from a handy bath-house the full-dress uniform of a Army Medical Corps Colonel. As it turns out, however, this is no solution, since he is presently dragged out of the auditorium to supply first aid to a distinguished ballet-lover who has something in his eye. "Just hold one side of the nose and blow," the impersonator advises, and the ballet-lover follows instructions and gets instant relief. (Since this particular form of therapy absolutely never works, I regard this as a rather weak point in the plot.) Anyway, this attention entitles the hero to a front sea in the beneficiary's box, and when Dancer Tierney comes on and sees him sitting there she faints dead away. After that, it is just a matter of leaping on the stage, snatching her up and heading for the Gulf of Finland.

I can't tell you why, with the NKVD swarming over the waterfront, the chase should suddenly have been called off. Possibly there had been word from the Kremlin that the fleeing ballerina was no great asset to the national ballet anyway. Miss Tierney's ballet demonstrations seem to support this theory.

I guess that is all I can tell you about *Never Let Me Go,* except that for quite a spell there I thought it never would.

The Blue Gardenia, starring Ann Baxter and Richard Conte, was directed by Fritz Lang. As a rule Director Lang's name on the credit list is some guarantee of distinction, but it looks as though his talent had failed him here. At any rate, the teenager beside me was able to call most of the directorial shots anywhere from three minutes to half an hour before they appeared on the screen.

The heroine (Ann Baxter) is a fanciful girl who likes to celebrate her birthday with candle-light and champagne, all arranged about the photograph of her fiance, absent in Korea. When his letter proves him faithless — on her birthday night, naturally—she goes off on a bender with an artist acquaintance, who ends up on the floor at the close of the evening, with his head smashed in by a poker. The heroine, a nice girl even when shockingly tight, could hardly have been capable of such a deed, but the real culprit wasn't hard to place. In fact, my teenager had her spotted before you could snap a shutter. Miss Baxter gives a consistently morose performance, but it is hard to tell which was weighing more heavily on her spirit, her predicament or her script.

By the Light of the Silvery Moon has a number of nice old tunes—*Just One Girl, My Town Is A One Horse Town,* and *Be My Little Baby Bumble Bee.* These, with Doris Day and Gordon MacRae to sing them, are its chief assets. The story, a turn of the century family comedy, is as sweet and wholesome as a strawberry sundae, and not much more stimulating. MARY LOWREY ROSS

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Lighter Side

Happy Lower Orders

DORCAS, THE CAT of a friend of mine, is the daughter of our cat Lulu. Lulu is dead white, Dorcas pure black, but otherwise they look very much alike. They have the same shape, sleek yet spare, and rather Egyptian in outline and feeling. They are both born sidewalk superintendents.

The other day my friend rang up to announce that Dorcas was pregnant. "What do I do about it?" she asked.

"What do *you* do about it?" I said, startled.

"I mean, do I take her to the veterinary's for a physical checkup?" my friend asked.

I said not to worry about Dorcas, who would take care of everything, and tidy up afterwards. My friend said that it was really her husband who was doing the worrying. "He gets nervous watching her climb up and down trees."

"You ought to see her mother!" I said.

Lulu, even in the final stage of pregnancy, is quite capable of climbing all over the outside of the house. She shins up the horse chestnut tree, then leaps from roof-top to bay-window ledge to veranda roof. Once I saw her miss her footing and, in the wild instant before recovery, hang by one claw, an impressive silhouette between railing and verandah line. She had her family that evening, with no fuss, and complete success.

"Just don't sit up with her," I said to Dorcas's owner.

Two other friends had spent a harassing night sitting up with their pet spaniel Chloe, who was having her first litter. They hovered over her for hours, filled with solicitude, anguish, and, as the night wore on, with whisky. It was all over by dawn, when they tottered off to bed, more dead than alive. Chloe, by this time the mother of nine puppies, remained as fresh as a daisy.

The current obstetrical theory is that expectant mothers (on the human level) should learn to relax and accept the coming phenomenon as part of the benevolent order of nature. It might be a sensible idea for the owners of cats and dogs to adopt the same tranquillizing attitude and learn to take it easy, like their pets.

The lower animals, to be sure, have one immense advantage. They don't need to practise relaxation. They were born with it. As a result they are never, in the nervous human sense, "expectant." Experience is born with them, and each experience lapses into blankness the moment it is over.

It is true that in the weeks before her family arrives, our cat Lulu investigates every corner of the house, with special attention to drawers and hat-boxes. She operates on pure instinct, resolute but dim, and when the time comes invariably selects a spot that has never occurred to anyone, or even, till the last possible moment, to Lulu herself—an abandoned doll-carriage in the attic, an open position in the middle of a bed, on one occasion in the laundry tubs.

When Lulu investigates the kitchen garbage can, which she does with care and thoroughness, she is not interested in the effect of high-calcium diet on bone structure. She is interested in the haddock spine left from lunch. The haddock spine disposed of, she usually hurries away to chase George, the putative father, off the premises. This activity combines high emotional tension with violent exercise, and would certainly be deplored by any standard pre-natal manual. It never does Lulu any harm.

The first thing in the morning, Lulu and Minnie hurry into the kitchen, usually from opposite doors. Before they have their breakfast, however, and even after it is served, they pause for a brief period of communication. It is curious and sometimes oddly disturbing to see them standing there motionless, nose to nose. Something passes between them which is niether greeting nor exchange, grace nor convention, friendship nor enmity, but an obscure form of cat-communication, profoundly abstract. When it is over, they separate and settle down to breakfast at adjacent saucers.

I AM certain on one point, however: their communication has nothing whatever to do with that irresistible feminine topic, obstetrics. The subject is beyond the experience of Minnie, an amiable neuter whom we rescued from a cat-hotel last spring, and who promptly had a nervous breakdown. Affection, for which Minnie has a consuming appetite, eventually set this condition right, and it then passed out of her experience as completely as though it had never happened, just as Lulu's obstetrical experience passes out of hers the instant she administers the first lick to the final kitten.

She has had at least a dozen families in her lifetime; and each one, as it arrives, is a fresh and astonishing experience. When we go down to admire them, Lulu leans back and stares up at us, her eyes swimming with a confused and foolish rapture.

Happy lower orders! They don't have to have high protein-calcium diet, hospitalization schemes, or exercises in natural relaxation. They don't need blood-tests, Rh. tests or means tests. They can produce their little ones without thought of the future, and then when the time comes, drop them out of consciousness without any recollection of the past.

MARY LOWREY ROSS

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ATHLETE'S FOOT

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How you get it
How to get relief

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The Backward Glance

16 Years Ago This Week in Saturday Night

THE ISSUE of SATURDAY NIGHT for July 10, 1937, featured such diversions and divertissements as "Did R. L. Stevenson Visit British Columbia?"; "Light At Evening" (an essay) by Audrey Alexandra Brown; "World Of Neurotics"; "Romance Of Nickel"; and "Overdone Politeness", by P. W. Luce. The Front Page editorialized on What The Lawyers Think, the Nova Scotia Elections, Judges Mixing in Politics, On Reading Poetry, and had an argument with J. L. Garvin of the *London Observer* over his lukewarm feelings for Hitler and Mussolini.

The Film Parade reviewed *Captains Courageous* and *Under The Red Robe*. The (then) child actor Freddie Bartholomew received praise from Mary Lowrey Ross for his portrayal of Harvey in the first film, and Conrad Veidt and Annabella (who, like Duse, Nazimova, Hildegarde and Dagmar, was strictly a one-name dame) were mentioned favorably for their work in the second. A third picture, *Love From A Stranger*, was described as "one of the new mental pathology pictures", then in their heyday. This last photoplay starred Ann Harding and Basil Rathbone; the former looked like every man's dream of a housewife, and the latter like the guy you'd want the least to go out with your sister.

The first page of the second section of the magazine was given over to a picture layout of Canadian authors attending the 1937 Canadian Authors' Convention. The captions under the photographs bore such old familiar names as J. M. Gibbon, B. K. Sandwell, Leslie Gordon Barnard, Sir Charles G. D. Roberts, Madge MacBeth, Dr. Pelham Edgar, and Howard Angus Kennedy. There were no photographs of such well-known Canadian writers of the day as Morley Callaghan and Mazo de la Roche. As a matter of fact, the photos reminded us that most Canadian authors at conventions tend to have an average age much higher than that of Canadian authors in general, not only in the year 1937 but in all years. Perhaps the explanation is that most young authors (a) are busy authoring, (b) can't afford to go to conventions, or (c) don't like mixing with other authors, especially the convention-attending type.

In The Bookshelf, among several books recommended for July reading, there are two bearing the respective titles of *Pedlar's Progress* and *A Pedlar's Pack*. These titles seem to us to be representative of the year 1937, for it was one of the depression years which saw the pedlar reach his numerical zenith in North America. Householders in those days disconnected their doorbells, bought English bulldogs, placed restrictive (and oftentimes insulting) signs on their front gates, all to no avail. The pedlars of kitchen gadgets, notions, encyclopedias, waterless cookers and vacuum cleaners, were a hardy and hungry breed who tripped over each other as they made their way down residential streets, and the only "No" they took for an answer was the twentieth one. In their doggedness and perseverance they have their postwar counterparts in the Jehovah's Witnesses.

The Wallaceburg bathroom fixture people ran weekly ads in SATURDAY NIGHT in 1937, each depicting a beautiful unclothed model stepping into, or out of, what looks to us like an empty bath. This bit of delectable advertising so intrigued us that we momentarily forgot we were perusing the July 10 issue and leafed through all the issues for the next six months, finding our Wallaceburg siren more beautiful each week. Had we been around these parts that year we would have purchased a year's subscription to the magazine merely to catch a weekly glimpse of Our Lady of the Bath.

The Insurance Section featured an article by George Gilbert on The Uncertainty of Life, and gave figures to prove that life insurance companies paid tens of thousands of claims each year on policies less than a year old. Most of these claims were in the 40-49 age bracket, followed successively by the 30-39 year group, then 20-29, 50-59, and finally by those over 60. Accidents were the chief cause of death, with automobile deaths predominating. Next came pneumonia-influenza, with heart disease a close third. Other causes of first year deaths were appendicitis, cancer, cerebral hemorrhage, septicemia, nephritis and tuberculosis. Having just entered the 40-49 age group, we are certainly glad that our insurance is paid up, but after reading the list of things that could happen to us, our joy is not wholly unrestrained.

In the Financial section pundit Walter Lippmann, a man who has made some shaky prophecies in his day, asked "Is CIO Slipping?" He answered his own question in a decided affirmative, and backed it up with the news that the plain people were behind Tom Girdler of Republic Steel in his goon-squad fights with the CIO. That wasn't the way we remember it being at all, but we'll let that pass. However, we would like to ask Mr. Lippmann today what he thinks about his prediction, seeing that the CIO multiplied its membership in the years following 1937.

The London Letter reported the death of the English playwright, J. M. Barrie, who had died in mid-June, and quoted his friend, G. B. Shaw, as saying, "Barrie had a good long life. He had said everything he wanted to say, and now he is dead. I suppose I shall be dead shortly . . ." Which proves that G. B. Shaw, in 1937, was as unsuccessful a prognosticator about his own death as Lippmann was about the CIO. The tennis season had begun at Wimbledon before a crowd of 25,000 people, but the London Letter said that this would not result in the entire season being the moneymaker that such an opening crowd seemed to predict.

PORTS OF CALL was given over entirely to an historical treatise on Victoria, BC, then celebrating its 75th anniversary as a city. Other country-wide news was that a drought in Saskatchewan had been extended by a heat wave that had sent temperatures to over 110 degrees in the shade in that province; wheat prices advanced in Winnipeg; 300 Doukhobors marched on Nelson, BC, to protest the jailing of their leader, Peter Veregin; and the Bureau of Statistics estimated that there were over one million Canadians still on direct or indirect relief.

A letter from Arthur B. Purvis, the Chairman of the National Employment Commission, to the Brien Committee in Montreal, laid down the principle that, "unemployment aid should be given where it is demonstrated beyond question that unemployment is in question."

And with that example of governmental gobbledygook bouncing around in our head, we'll call a halt for a period of quiet thought.

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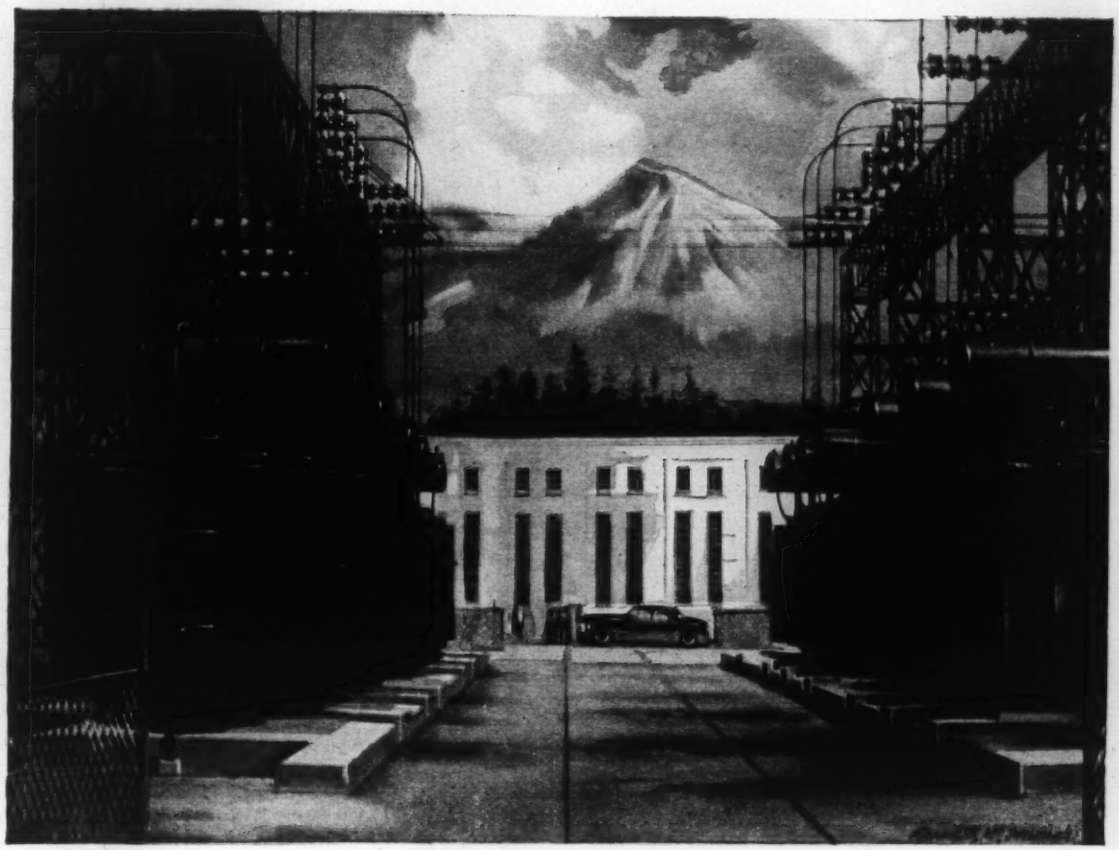
SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 68 NO. 40 WHOLE NO. 3140

Editorial Board, Robertson Davies, J. A. Irving, E. J. Pratt; Editor, Gwyn Kinsey; Managing Editor, Herbert McManus; Associate Editors, Hugh Garner, Wilson Woodside; Production Editor, John Irwin; Financial Editor, W. P. Snead; Women's Editor, Margaret Ness; Assistant Editors, Lillian England, John Wilcock; Contributing Editors, James Colman, Robertson Davies, Paul Duval, Max Freedman (Washington), Hugh MacLennan (Montreal), Beverley Nichols (London), Mary Lowrey Ross, Lister Sinclair, John A. Stevenson (Ottawa), Anthony West (New York). Advertising Sales Manager, Lloyd M. Hodgkinson. Subscription Prices: Canada $4.00 one year; $6.00 two years; $8.00 three years. Great Britain and all other parts of the British Empire add $1.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. All other countries add $2.00 for each subscription year to Canadian price. Newsstand and single issues 10c. Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa. Published and printed by Consolidated Press Limited, Birks Building, Montreal, Canada. Editorial and Advertising Offices, 73 Richmond Street W., Toronto 1, Canada. President and Publisher, Jack Kent Cooke; Vice Presidents, Hal E. Cooke, Neil M. Watt, E. R. Milling; Assistant Comptroller, George Colvin; Secretary, William Zimmerman, Q.C.; Director of Circulation, Gordon Rumgay; Director of Manufacturing, E. M. Pritchard. Representatives: New York, Donald Cooke Inc., 551 Fifth Avenue; Chicago, Fred R. Jones & Son, 228 N. Lasalle Street; Los Angeles, Lee F. O'Connell Co., 111 North La Cienega Blvd., Beverly Hills, Cal.; Vancouver, John N. Hunt & Associates, 198 West Hastings Street; London, England, Dennis W. Mayes Ltd., 69 Fleet Street, E.C.4.



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